The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 69. Vol. XII. JUNE, 1897. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* June *will be noticed in the* July *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th July *in the* August *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that at the request of the relations and friends of the late Professor Drummond, his biography has been undertaken by Professor George Adam Smith. Any persons having letters of Professor Drummond or other matters of interest connected with his work are invited to send the same either to Professor Smith, 22, Sardinia Terrace, Glasgow; to Mr. James W. Drummond, Stirling; or to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. In all cases letters forwarded to them for perusal will be returned. Professor Smith will not be able to begin work sooner than October of this year. Meanwhile a volume of stories for children by Professor Drummond will probably be published.

We understand that Mr. Hardy, who has been discouraged by the persistent misconception of many readers and critics, intends to abandon the problems raised in his later novels, and to revert to his earlier manner. His new work is nearly complete, but will not be published for some time.

Mrs. Patmore, the widow of Coventry Patmore, requested Mr. F. G. Stephens to write his biography. It has, however, been arranged that Mrs. Patmore should herself write the book, with the co-operation of Mr. Frederick Greenwood and Mr. Champneys.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has just completed the MS. of a new short story dealing with Indian life, entitled, "The Tomb of His Ancestors." The story will, we hear, first see the light in this country in the Christmas Number of *Pearson's Magazine*, and in America in the Christmas Number of *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. Kipling has also recently completed the MS. of a new poem entitled, "The Feet of the Young Men."

It is rumoured that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is leaving Torquay, and that he proposes to come nearer town, where he will occupy a house lent to him for the summer by his uncle, Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

We are to have a new Life of Goldsmith from Mr. Richard Ashe King. There has not been an attempt to pourtray Goldsmith for many years now. His most effective biographer, of course, was John Forster, although Mr. William Black's interesting study in the "English Men of Letters Series" had many merits. It is right, however, that Goldsmith's somewhat wayward character should be sketched by a brother Irishman, and those who remember Mr. Ashe King's effective presentation of Dean Swift, in his "Swift in Ireland," will realise that he has every qualification for the task.

Lord Acton's great project of a universal history, written by all the principal historical writers of the day, grows apace. Lord Acton expects to publish the earlier volumes of the work next year, and the later volumes in 1902.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has been for some little time busily engaged in writing a new book for children. Readers of Mrs. Clifford's delightful "Anyhow Stories" will look forward to the publication of this new volume with considerable interest.

Mr. Richard le Gallienne, who since his marriage has settled down in his house near the Wagoner's Wells, Hindhead, will publish in the autumn a volume of poems entitled "London's Love." Mr. le Gallienne's next work in prose will be another book of a fanciful type, bearing the title, "The Worshipper of the Image."

We regret to hear that Mr. Crockett is still suffering from the result of a slight bicycle accident.

Mr. Crockett's "Men of the Moss-Hags" has enjoyed a very marked popularity over seas. Isbister and Co. have prepared for colonial distribution another large edition, to which a special interest is added in the shape of sixteen of the admirable illustrations drawn for the story by Mr. C. E. Brock on appearance as a serial in *Good Words*. It is, we understand, the intention of the publishers to include these illustrations in the next edition for the English market.

Messrs. Ward and Lock will publish in the autumn a volume which should secure considerable success. It will bear the title, "Poems of the Love and Pride of England," and it will be edited by Mr. Frederick Wedmore. In this Jubilee year such a volume, especially under an editor of so much taste and judgment as Mr. Wedmore, should attract unusual attention.

Mr. George Allen has it under consideration, after his new and cheap edition of Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" is well on the way, to produce an entirely new and complete edition of all Mr. Ruskin's writings at a popular price. Such an edition would certainly extend to fifty volumes were it to include everything. The difficulty which Mr. Allen would find, is one which would pertain to no other re-issue of a classical writer—there is so great an abundance of plates. Certain of the volumes practically consist of almost as much illustration as letterpress; and, so far, these illustrations have been beautifully produced. It is not an

easy problem to secure a cheap edition of Mr. Ruskin's works, which shall not in the illustrated volumes rather discredit the writer who has done so much to educate our art tastes.

The Executive Committee of the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial have now issued a wide appeal for subscriptions. Local committees have been formed in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen; and co-operation is being heartily given in various colonies and in the United States. The Memorial must be a welcome opportunity to numberless lovers of Stevenson to do homage to his genius and the memory of his charming personality; and we may surely expect the widest response to the appeal of the Committee. The Acting Secretary and Treasurer is Mr. J. H. Napier, 12, Queen Street, Edinburgh, to whom subscriptions may now be sent.

Miss Olive Schreiner has just completed a long stay at Alassio in the Italian Riviera. Dr. Birkbeck Hill is also there at present. Mr. Fisher Unwin has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Schreiner. They have now gone on to the neighbourhood of Paris, and they will be in London again in the course of a month. Practically they will spend this year in Europe.

The first edition of Miss Marie Corelli's new society story, "Jane," is in preparation. It will consist of 15,000 copies, and will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

"The Inner Life of the House of Commons," by Mr. William White, father of the author of "Mark Rutherford," published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, has been very well received. The publisher calculates that within a week of its appearance it received six yards of favourable criticism. A very interesting postcard has been received from Mr. Gladstone. He remarks that Mr. McCarthy, who edits the book, has fallen into a slight error with regard to his maiden speech. Mr. McCarthy writes that Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech fell so utterly unnoticed that until some recent publications had settled the question he was almost invariably set down as having made his first speech at a later date and on a more important subject. Mr. Gladstone observes that his first speech received marked attention from Mr. Stanley. Mr. Gladstone further remarks that his first-known doorkeepers were Scott and Williams. One was short, the other tall, but both had snow-white or powdered hair and florid faces. They were paid by fees from the members.

We hear that that most successful of recently published novels, "Phroso," is to be dramatised by Mr. Edward Rose in collaboration with Mr. H. V. Esmond, and that Mr. Charles Frohman has already acquired an interest in the play which these two gentlemen will in due course produce.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish Mr. Rolf Boldrewood's new novel, entitled "Plain Living," in the early autumn in this country and the Colonies, and the Macmillan Company, of New York, will publish the book in the United States.

Mr. David Stott has started a publication entitled *The Booksellers' Review*, to which we wish every success. It is doubtful, however, if there is much can be done with this kind of thing; bookselling is the one trade in which trade organs are at a singular disadvantage, the advertising which is of service to them being scattered, also, over so large a number of outside journals. Mr. Stott, however, is a man of genuine talent, who has, alike as a popular bookseller in Oxford Street and as a publisher of dainty English classics, shown a knowledge and capacity of the very highest kind.

Mr. James Bowden promises two books in the autumn, of which the titles would seem to have something in common. The first is "The Paradise Coal Boat," by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne—a series of short stories of which Mr. Kipling is said to have spoken with enthusiastic praise. The other volume, entitled "The Paper Boat," is a collection of singularly readable yachting stories, which, under the signature "Palinurus," have been contributed from time to time to the *Field* and the *Yachtsman*.

Mr. Rider Haggard's new novel, "The Swallow," will be published in this country first in the *Graphic*, and afterwards in book form by Messrs. Longmans and Co., both here and in America. The story will also, of course, be published serially in America and in Australia (in the *Sydney Mail*).

A new story entitled "The Mutineer," written by Mr. Louis Becke and Mr. Walter Jeffery in collaboration, will begin serial publication in *Lloyd's Weekly* about the middle of the month.

A French version of Mr. Meredith's "Essay on Comedy" is in preparation. It will be published by *Le Mercure de France*.

Mr. R. H. Sherard's new novel "Uncle Christopher's Treasure," has been finished. The action of the story is placed in and around Biarritz, where many traces of the English occupation of Guyenne still survive, and deals with a very singular adventure which there befell an English man of letters, whose physical courage was as great as his moral courage was small. Mr. Sherard is now engaged on a new story, to be called "Lord Zennor's Experiment," which will describe literary types and life in London and in Paris.

Mr. Sherard's story, "Jacob Niemand," which was serialised after publication in book form, is being translated into German and French.

The English serial story which commences in the June number of *Cosmopolis* is by Mr. Joseph Conrad. It is entitled "An Outpost of Civilisation."

Considerable confusion seems to reign in some English journals concerning two gifted literary Irishmen, who have indeed been assumed in certain quarters to be one person. These are the writers who are known by the pseudonyms of "A. E." and "John Eglinton." "A. E." is the pen-name of Mr. George Russell, a young Dublin man, keenly interested in theosophy and kindred subjects. Mr. George Russell's first book, "Homeward," which bore the subsidiary title of "Songs by the Way," was first reviewed in this country by Professor Dowden, in the *Illustrated London News*. "A. E." is about to publish another book through Mr. John Lane; it will bear the title of "The Earth's Breath."

Mr. Francis Gribble has been staying at St. Valery-en-Caux, where he has been writing the first chapters of his new novel. This is to deal with London theatrical life, and will be the most important book which Mr. Gribble has yet attempted.

A volume of short stories by "George Fleming" will be issued shortly by Mr. Grant Richards, under the title of "Little Stories about Women." They are for the most part reprinted from the *National Observer*.

Mrs. Rigg, better known as Kate Douglas Wiggin, authoress of "Timothy's Quest," has been visiting Edinburgh, on her way to Fifeshire, where the scene of her next story may possibly be laid.

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen's new enterprise, the publication of an Encyclopædia of Sport in monthly parts, is meeting with the success which is deserved by the care which the editors, the Earl of Suffolk, Mr. Hedley Peek, and Mr. F. G. Aflalo, have taken to secure contributions from the most competent authorities on the various subjects. When completed, it will certainly be far the most accurate and most comprehensive book of the kind in existence. "Sport" is used in its widest sense; and the naturalist as well as the fisher and the cricketer and the tiger-hunter will find it worth his while to consult its pages.

Sir Walter Besant is, we understand, contributing the principal part of the reading matter in the splendid special Jubilee number which the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* are now preparing. Sir Walter has also written an appropriate article for publication in the ordinary number of the *Queen*, which will be issued on or about Jubilee Day.

Amongst the first books to be published by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, will be a new volume of short stories by Mr. W. L. Alden, entitled "Van Wagener."

In view of the royal ceremonial at St. Paul's this month, the appearance of the story of the great church which Messrs. Isbister are adding to their Cathedral Series will be especially opportune. The letterpress is from the pen of Canon Newbolt, and the illustrations are among the most beautiful and effective work that Mr. Herbert Railton has ever produced.

"Christopher Crayon," the *nom-de-plume* of a well-known contributor to the *Christian World*, is about to publish through Mr. Fisher Unwin a volume of travels, "The Cities of the Dawn." The author has made an extended excursion in the East, and he writes on Naples, Smyrna, Cairo, Bethlehem, and other places. The book is partly intended for stay-at-home travellers.

Mr. Nimmo has sent out the last part of his interesting and artistic as well as patriotic publication, "Naval and Military Trophies of British Heroes." The large water-colour drawings by Mr. William Gibb are excellent, among the subjects being the swords of Cromwell, Hampden, Marlborough, Wolfe, and Captain Cook, Nelson's dirk, sword, and cocked hat, and the bullet that killed him, an Eagle captured by the Scots Greys at Waterloo, the King of Delhi's crown, and flags from Tel-el-Kebir. The descriptive notes, often of great historical interest, are by the Royal Librarian at Windsor, Mr. Richard R. Holmes, F.S.A., and a general introduction has been written by Lord Wolseley.

Mr. Thomas Wise has just added to his very valuable collection of rare books a copy of "The Giaour" of Lord Byron, which bears the autograph of Augusta Mary Leigh and an inscription in Byron's own hand:—"To my dearest sister Augusta Mary, from her friend and brother Byron. July 7th, 1813." An interesting possession, truly.

There are two individuals who enjoy the pseudonym of "Owen Hall," and they have never met. One of them—the one perhaps best known in this country—is Mr. James Davis, who was at one time editor of the *Hawk* newspaper, and who has written the librettos to "The Gaiety Girl," "An Artist's Model," and "The Geisha," three of the most popular musical comedies of our time. Mr. Davis has two sisters who have made a considerable mark in literature and journalism; one of them is Mrs. Aria, who writes about fashions in the *Illustrated London News* and the *Daily Chronicle*; and the other is the author, under the pseudonym of "Frank Danby," of that very clever novel "Dr. Phillips." The second "Owen Hall" is an American, whose real name is Mr. H. H. Lusk. He resides in New York, and has written a very clever novel, published in this country by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. He has also contributed short stories to the *Strand* and *English Illustrated Magazine*.

Messrs. Bentley and Son will publish in the early autumn a new novel by Madame Couvreur ("Tasma"), the author of "Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill." The new story is entitled "A Fiery Ordeal."

The title of Mr. Robert Barr's new novel is "The Countess Tekla." It will be published serially, both here and in America, prior to its being issued in book form.

"The History of the Ancient Parish of Tooting-Graveny," by W. E. Morden, which was to have been published last autumn, is nearly ready. It will give a decided opinion upon the oft-repeated statement "that Daniel Defoe was a resident in the parish." Mr. E. Stock will be the publisher.

A new novel by Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe, whose "Player's Tragedy" attracted some attention a few years ago, will be published by Messrs. Bentley in a few days' time, under the title "A Trick of Fame."

Since his return from Greece Mr. Allen Upward has been busy finishing the MS. of a story which Mr. Jerome commissioned him some few months ago to write for publication in *To-day*.

Dr. Andrew Wilson will shortly publish through Messrs. Jarrold and Sons a little book dealing with personal experiences, to which he has given the title of "Reminiscences of a Lecturer."

We have to thank the Corporation of Glasgow for their courteous permission to reproduce in our pages Mr. Whistler's portrait of Carlyle.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

APRIL 19 TO MAY 22, 1897.

All trades are looking for a share of the money which the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee will cause to circulate, and apparently the bookseller will not be left out. Whether in anticipation of this event or no, trade during the past month has been an improvement on that of previous years, even remembering that the school summer term has just commenced. There has certainly been better trade for all classes of literature, but at the time of writing it is falling off again. But for the great number of publications the bookseller would be nearly happy. Orders from abroad continue to arrive in goodly number and volume, although no country calls for special mention. The number of new books and new editions is as great as ever. What a trade would be done if each one justified its existence! Someone has suggested a tax upon new books for keeping down the number. With regard to Jubilee publications, they are, as may be expected, numerous. The issue of the "Life of the Queen," by the Librarian of Windsor Castle, is looked for with the keenest interest, and subscribers to the edition de luxe have in some instances parted with their copies at a considerable premium on the subscription price. Among the smaller publications of this class mention must be made of "The Queen's Resolve," "These Sixty Years," and "Our Gracious Queen," as these seem to be the favourites. Great interest is also shown in the issue of each part of "Sixty Years a Queen." Large numbers of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund Stamps were sold by the trade, and it is stated that 130,000 were distributed on the 18th of May, the day of publication.

The 6s. novel is as popular as ever; the leader for the present being "The Sign of the Cross," by Wilson Barrett. "On the Face of the Waters," by Flora Annie Steel, is still a great favourite.

Matters nautical are always interesting to the Englishman. Hence the "Life of Nelson," by A. T. Mahan, is in good demand, a fact that will cause no surprise.

"A Popular History of Crete," issued at a price within the reach of all, has, to judge by its sale, met the enquiry for concise and useful information about the island.

The present fashion for titles of novels is a single word which conveys no idea of the nature of the work. What was described as the "mediæval title" a few months back has dropped out entirely. In abler hands a very interesting chapter could be written on this subject.

There is a good trade doing in magazines, as the majority of the leading ones contain articles upon the "Queen's Reign," and any fresh details are always welcomed. The *Woman at Home* continues to be very popular, other favourites being the *Strand Magazine*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, the *Quiver*, and the *Sunday at Home*.

Appended is the list of the books that are now being read (or at least bought). Many of them have been included previously; and it is now gratifying to find that, amid the numbers published, some of the books are likely to be of permanent interest.

The Life of Nelson. By A. T. Mahan. 2 vols. 36s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Under Love's Rule. By M. E. Braddon. 6s.
The Whirlpool. By G. Gissing. 6s.
Uncle Bernac. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.
The Massarenes. By Ouida. 6s.
Daughters of Thespis. By J. Bickerdyke. 6s.
Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.
The Jessamy Bride. By F. F. Moore. 6s.
Phroso. By A. Hope. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
The Seats of the Mighty. By G. Parker. 6s.
Rose of Dutcher's Cooly. By H. Garland. 6s.
The Dagger and the Cross. By J. Hatton. 6s.
Cakes and Ale. By E. Spencer. 3s. 6d.
Madame Sans-Gêne. By E. Lepelletier. 3s. 6d.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
A Great Agricultural Estate. By the Duke of Bedford. 6s.
Romance of Lady Burton. 2 vols. 36s.
The Queen's resolve. By C. Bullock. 1s. 6d.
These Sixty Years. 2s. 6d.
Our Gracious Queen. By Mrs. Walton. 1s.
Cromwell. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.
A Popular History of Crete. By J. H. Freese. 1s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.
Week ending

April 24, 1897.—A quiet week on account of the holiday, which of course, did not affect the export business.
May 1, " —Trade improving in home departments. Foreign and colonial good.
" 8, " —A better week, brisk at times. Foreign and colonial business a little better than last.
" 15, " —Business about as last week for home trade. Export trade still good.
" 22, " —A quieter week in keeping with previous years. Foreign and colonial departments a little busier.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

SEVERAL people have written to me complaining of what I wrote, last month, about the "innocent Lesurques," saying that his innocence was established immediately after the arrest of Dubosc, that eventually his rehabilitation was accorded to his family, and that in any case it is a pity to destroy, iconoclast that I must be, a beautiful legend. Unfortunately—and this is very clearly established by M. Excoffon's book—the arrest of Dubosc, in spite of this man's interested declarations, only confirmed Lesurques's guilt. Dubosc was dark, Lesurques was fair; Dubosc was a good two inches shorter than his alleged Doppelgaenger. Not one of the witnesses who had sworn so positively to Lesurques recognised Dubosc, even after he had been dressed in a flaxen wig. Again, Lesurques's character was never rehabilitated, although this was applied for over and over again by his descendants, prompted rather, it would appear, by a desire to recover certain property which had been confiscated by the Directoire, than by a wish for the empty ceremony of the moral rehabilitation of an executed convict. Under the Second Empire, it is true, a certain sum of money was granted to the heirs of Lesurques in satisfaction of their claims, but this was an act of grace, a concession to the sentimental enthusiasms of the public, and by no means a recognition that any error had been committed, for never was a crime more fully investigated, both at the time of its trial and on the many occasions on which it was, at the instance of the family, the subject of enquiry before the French Parliament. As to the charge of iconoclasm, I cannot plead

guilty to that either. All I did was to draw attention to M. Excoffon's very interesting little book, which, I may add, is published at sixpence.

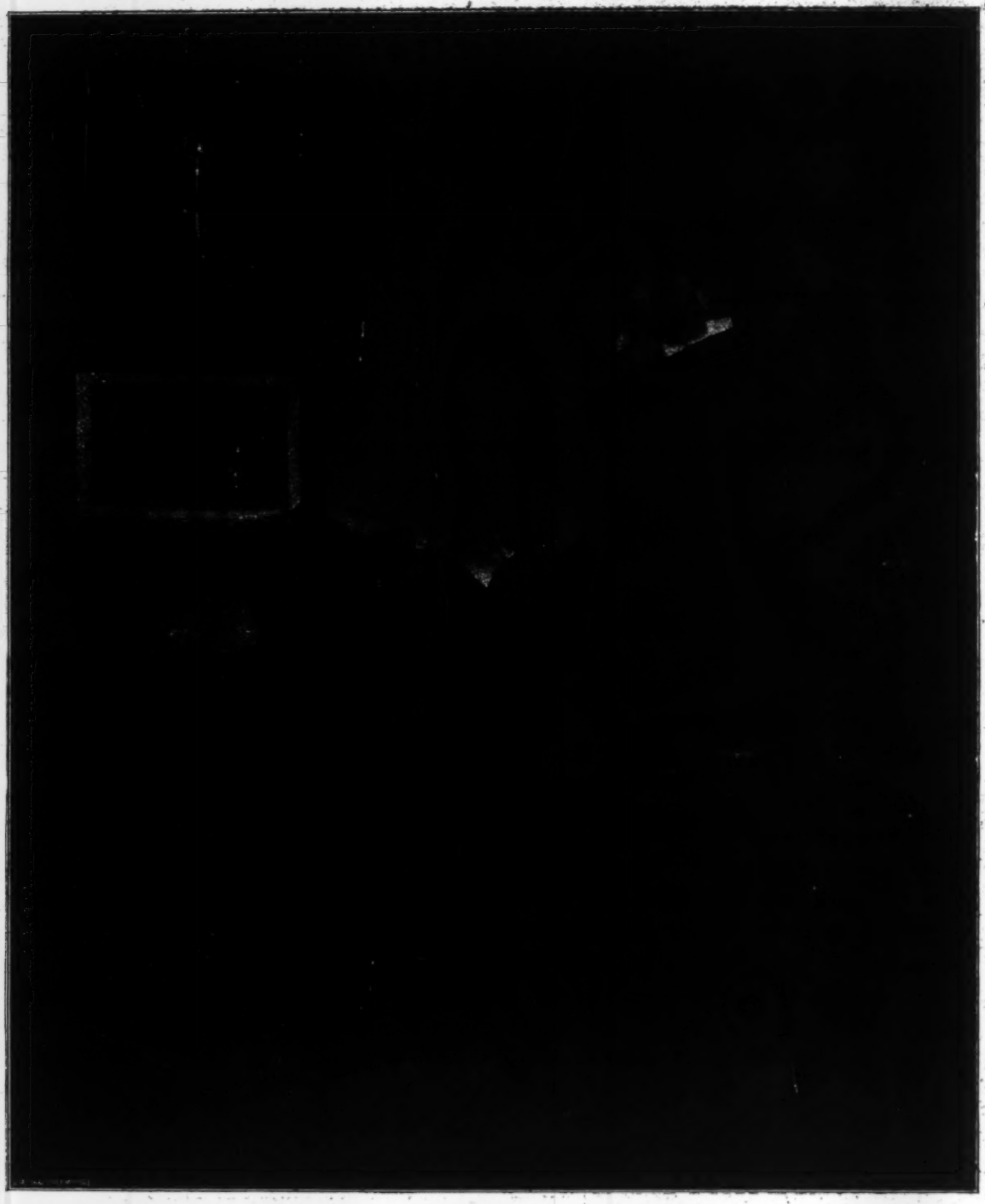
Daudet has sent me a copy of his new story, "Le Trésor d'Arletan," a translation of which is to appear in serial form in a London paper. It is published in one of Charpentier's "Collection Polychrome" series, with numerous illustrations in colour, by Laurent-Desrousseaux. The illustrations are very inferior and injure the book as far as that is possible, but as the story is very short, it could not have been issued at 3 francs 50 c. in any other way, that is to say without illustrations. It is a very beautiful little tale, full of the peculiar charm of Alphonse Daudet's talent, rich in colour, clear in observation, and distinct in characterisation. It is the best answer that Daudet could give to the rumour which evil-disposed people have spread about him, that his power has been enfeebled by his long illness and the remedies which it has exacted. I have heard this rumour in many parts of Europe, and the last time I contradicted it was at the house of the editor of the *Verdens Gang*, when Björnson asked me if it was true. As "Le Trésor d'Arlatan" shows, Alphonse Daudet's right hand has lost none of its cunning.

The catastrophe in the rue Jean-Goujon has included among its victims some who were connected with literature. Poor Baron de Mandat-Grancey, the Count de Mun, amongst others, have beloved ones to mourn, whilst the excellent Hérédia has received a shock, at the terrible risk to which his wife and daughter were exposed, from which, sensitive and impressionable as he is, he will take long to recover. Indeed, it was only thanks to the heroism of a woman who made room for Madame d'Hérédia, that his wife and child were saved, escaping with severe burns only. This child is the younger sister of Madame Henri de Regnier, the most distinguished of the younger poets. Baron de Mandat-Grancey, whose life has been wrecked by the awful death of a wife to whom he was devotedly attached, is well known both in England and America. He is a great traveller, and has written several books describing the countries he has visited. Perhaps his "Chez Paddy"—an account of a tour in Ireland—which has been translated into English, has been the most popular, both in France and America. He writes as he speaks, in a cheerful, good-humoured, and distinguished manner, and for the love of letters only, for he is a man of wealth. I made his acquaintance some years ago, in the way in which I have made many valuable acquaintances and friendships. I had received a cable from my editor in America to interview a dozen prominent Parisians on their opinions about New York as a city—a typically stupid assignment—and had called on the Baron de Grancey in the Avenue de Friedland. He laughed heartily when I had explained my foolish errand and said, "Well I must say I feel very sorry for you. I should never have the nerve to do it myself—all strangers too—and I have shot lions." I frequently met him afterwards, and I often have thought that had he not been a wealthy man and a man of fashion he would have made himself famous as a writer. Poor Count de Mun, the eldest son of the Marquis de Mun, is best known as a politician of advanced clerical views. He has written many pamphlets and books in defence of the Church, so bitterly attacked in France nowadays. Madame de Mun, who has perished, was for many years an invalid; this fatal visit to the Charity Bazaar was one of her rare *sorties*.

I see that one or two Schools of Fiction have recently been opened in London. I do hope that the curriculum will include French and gastronomy, and that no pupil will receive a certificate as a qualified writer of fiction who is not able to write out a French sentence correctly, or who has not some elementary knowledge of the principles of good living. Some of the French in current novels is too bad, whilst the French of many journalists, writing in journals for the cultured too, displays an ignorance which contrasts with the usual pretentiousness of the English. The study of gastronomy would be equally useful. How many novelists can describe a dinner in the best society, or draw up a menu, otherwise than from the homely if useful pages of Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book? On the other hand, the reader of taste is constantly being shocked by gastronomical solecisms. And in the matter of wines, the novelists show equal ignorance. One constantly reads of people "sitting over a sound bottle of claret," discussing this project or that. Have these writers ever tried the effects of drinking claret otherwise than with food? The mere thought of it makes one ill. And again who smokes cigars whilst drinking port. Yet we are constantly reading of people indulging in exercises so fatal. The matter is not unimportant. We are all interested in eating and drinking, and our sympathies are more readily acquired by the writer who shows taste in his imaginary caterings. The writer who shocks our palate offends our taste. Much of Dumas's great success may be attributed to the excellence of his victualling. He was a great gastronomer, and loved and studied the art of cooking. The sonnetist who wrote of the pig as a "dear angel," from the gastronomical point of view, is still remembered on that account in Paris, which, on the other hand, has not yet finished laughing at the unlucky scribe who wrote of the lobster as the "cardinal of the seas." Apropos of whom, it has often occurred to me that he might well have retorted that he was well aware when he used that expression that lobsters are black before the boiling, but that there were Black Cardinals—the cardinals, to wit, whom Napoleon punished for refusing to approve the Concordat, by forbidding them to wear the cardinal robes, and who were known as *les cardinaux noirs*.

I see that the *Mercure de France* publishing firm has adopted the system of allowing authors to stamp each copy of their books as a check on the sales. The stamping appears to be done with the author's monogram, with the usual indiarubber stamp. The book in which I first noticed this, was a copy of a 60th edition of a famous French novel. I presume the author—he is a friend of mine, but he is in Africa at present and I cannot ascertain—stamps the copies of each edition as it is called for. At a thousand per edition, that in itself must be a task. I remember that some authors proposed that they should write their names in each copy of their books as a check, just as many French publishers stamp their signatures in *fac-simile* under the declaration that the book having been deposited at the Ministry of the Interior is copyright. Some people would consider the value of a book greatly enhanced if it contained the author's signature. But the poor author!

ROBERT H. SHERARD.



THOMAS CARLYLE.

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THE READER.

VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

IT is in no way to disparage the art of the preacher to say that the note of Victorian literature, as I interpret it, is that it has been a literature of the pulpit—always self-conscious, always "moral." Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspere and Milton had no "gospel" behind them; they wrote to please. Now and again it was to please themselves, now and again it was to please the public for whom they catered. The eighteenth century poets could preach on occasion, but theirs surely it was to preach without sincerity; they were all satirists. None of them made the least pretence to be saints. The novelists also cared only to tell a good story; if there was a moral, as in Fielding's "Tom Jones," it was entirely unconscious. Smollett, Sterne, Jane Austen, and, finally, Sir Walter Scott, had no moral. Rousseau, Goethe, and the French revolution changed all this. Shelley in his "passion for reforming the world" did not stand alone. Byron died in the cause of Greek freedom; Wordsworth, we know, was ever a prophet; Coleridge—why, everyone knows the story of Lamb, when asked by S. T. C. if he had ever heard him preach, retorting, "I have never heard you do anything else!" It was this sense of "world-pain" among the poets which made the coming literature so "intense."

The literature of the Victorian epoch has, I repeat, been all of the pulpit type, all preaching—fine, healthy, inspiriting preaching most of it—and one cannot doubt that it has been much better than more graceful, artistic, unconscious work would have been. The reputation, however, of its writers is, perhaps, less assured with future ages. That matters very little. "Every age must write its own books, or, at least, the books for the age succeeding," Emerson tells us, and, after all, literature was never so great an influence upon vast masses of men as it has been during the past sixty years.

Wordsworth, I have said, preached continuously, and Wordsworth's influence was greater upon the Victorian period than upon the Georgian period in which he wrote his best work. Tennyson, who followed him, preached with equal zest. What is "Maud" but a long, beautiful and eloquent sermon? "In Memoriam" is a sermon, "Locksley Hall" is a sermon, and whether we take the "Idylls of the King" as an allegory of life, or not, certainly it contains abundance of what may be termed "preaching." That this was also the characteristic of Tennyson's friend and rival Browning, need scarcely be said. Browning's early Nonconformity, his attendance on the ministrations of an Independent minister gave the ring of the pulpit to every line he wrote. There is something eminently misleading in the opinion once current that Browning is uniformly obscure. He tells story after story with immense dramatic force. Now it is "The Ring and the Book," now "Pippa Passes," now some minor poem like "Donald." There is always a moral—a moral embodying his glorious faith in humanity and the ultimate triumph of right.

Mrs. Browning, again, who does not, perhaps, command the audience to-day which was her fortune forty years back—when voices were loudly raised that she should succeed Wordsworth as poet-laureate—was essentially a preacher. "Aurora Leigh" is the most striking example of her skill in this direction.

> "It needs a high-souled man to move the masses,
> E'en to a cleaner sty,"

was a sentiment which embodied her gospel—moving the masses to something higher was her ideal.

Clearly the next most important poet of the Victorian literature, and one of the last of our poets—Mr. Matthew Arnold—was a preacher. His traditions as the son of an eminent divine were certain to make him that. In beautiful elegies, in sonnets, and in lyrics, he gave the same message—a message of stoicism and endurance—which was a note also of the Brontës, Charlotte Brontë incorporating it in every one of her novels, and her greater sister Emily in one or two imperishable poems. The great poets of the later Victorian period have not been less anxious to give a message to mankind. Mr. Swinburne, still happily with us, has cried loudly for freedom from kingly and spiritual tyrannies; he has gloried with brilliant fervour over the freeing of Italy, and has protested in poetry, from time to time, against the despotism of Russia and the enslavement of Poland. The late William Morris devoted his attention entirely to the social rather than to the political government of men. His dream was of the freeing of workers from the tyranny of capital, and the founding of a Socialist brotherhood. The "Earthly Paradise" was a sermon.

When we come to the fiction of the Queen's reign, the position is precisely the same. Charles Dickens published "Pickwick" in 1837, and to find a moral in "Pickwick," it may be admitted, would be to place oneself in the position of the archæologists who discovered "Bill Stumps, His Mark." From that point on, however, Dickens became impregnated with the spirit of the age. There is plenty of preaching in "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "The Old Curiosity Shop," while "Hard Times," "Great Expectations," and the "Christmas Carol," are all permeated with a zeal for reform. It was one of Dickens' limitations, doubtless, that he was a preacher, but it was that gift which gave him so boundless a control over the tears and the laughter of several generations. Thackeray published "Vanity Fair" in 1846, and followed it with a succession of brilliant novels, every one of which was a vigorous satire on society. Assuredly Thackeray, in his own way, was a preacher.

More clearly and obviously, however, may that title be applied to the great novelist who exercised the most powerful influence about the time when Dickens and Thackeray were both laid to rest. George Eliot, in her heart of hearts, had all the religious zeal of a Methodist. She had thrown aside supernatural religion, but she brought to agnosticism a perfect fever for proselytizing. "Romola" was her most successful sermon, while "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda" were all inspired with a longing to set the world right, particularly the intellectual world. In her verse George Eliot was less able to conceal her desire to be a preacher.

A successful preacher in prose and verse, from an opposite standpoint, was Charles Kingsley, whose novel, "Alton Locke," published in 1849, created abundant fermentation in the minds of young men in the fifties and sixties. Canon Kingsley, it is safe to say, never wrote anything without a full sense of his responsibilities as a teacher. In glancing through the splendid array of his works with which his publishers have provided us, one is impressed with the fact that it is a mere accident that only some four or five of his books are widely read. The novel has been all-potent in the Victorian era and not the essay or the sermon, and so it is that everything that Canon Kingsley had to say in sermons and essays is fast passing out of sight, while "Westward Ho!" "Yeast," "Two Years Ago," and "Hypatia" are still living books—every one of them books with a moral, every one of them conveying Kingsley's lesson of sympathy with the poor, of strenuous intellectual and spiritual struggle. It is merely a reaction of the present decade against the pulpit in literature that makes certain of our men of genius insist upon preferring Henry Kingsley to his brother Charles. Henry Kingsley whose "Ravenshoe," "Geoffrey Hamlyn," and "The Hillyars and the Burtons" have still much popularity had certainly no kind of moral impulse behind him. He would seem to have been a shiftless, thriftless man of talent, whose brilliant books are in many ways a reflection of himself. The active literary man of to-day with his enthusiasm for the eighteenth century writers, and his general taste for romance will say that Henry Kingsley was a greater writer than his brother Charles, though Charles could write with dazzling vigour and effect, while Henry was too often slipshod and ungrammatical, and—save in a few moments of inspiration—wanting in all distinction of style.

But I have not space in this brief article to emphasise all the imaginative writers who will bear out my theory of what is the most prominent literary characteristic of the age. Charles Reade exemplified it in several books, and so did Bulwer Lytton; so, also, did Benjamin Disraeli. "Hard Cash" was meant to attract attention to the abuses of private lunatic asylums, "Never Too Late to Mend" to the reform of our prison system. We know how much there was of psychology and ethics in many of Lytton's stories, and we know how the young Disraeli aspired to transform our political life through the medium of "Sybil" and "Coningsby." That movement has continued in fiction down to Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and even to our own day. I can give scarcely a word to the school of Scotch writers which had Dr. George Macdonald for father, and to those English writers who hold Mr. George Meredith for Master. Of authors still living, one is happily not required to write. Our numerous critical organs keep them perpetually to the front. Who in a hasty survey of Victorian literature requires to be reminded of the charm associated with Thrums, of the intellect and wit of The Pilgrim's Scrip, of the simplicity and sanity which centres in Wessex landscape? A brief survey of Victorian Literature must necessarily devote but a few words to Victorian novelists, although they have probably been the most forcible influence in the period. Fielding and Smollett pleased their audiences, Scott carried his by storm, but only in the Victorian era has the novel been the positive rival of the preacher and the moralist, until latterly it has become their associate and colleague.

Carlyle may be counted in no small degree responsible for all this. He is the very central figure of the literature of the period. Did he not translate "Wilhelm Meister," the most sermonising of all novels? Is not "Sartor Resartus" in part a novel—with its delightful episode of Blumine? Carlyle preached vigorously through "thirty fine volumes," and the result was a veritable regiment of disciples—Lord Tennyson, who sighed for

"One still strong man in a blatant land";

Mr. Ruskin, who said he had "but systematised and applied Carlyle's looser but deeper reflections"; Mr. Lecky and Mr. Froude, who based their histories upon Carlyle's transcendentalism and Carlyle's hero-worship. It would take a volume to trace the ramifications of Carlyle's influence upon the authors who were his contemporaries and his immediate successors. Far more than Macaulay he made the historical schools of which we are entitled to be as proud as of our poets and our novelists. Macaulay has been the most prominent historian of the reign, and although he was charged with writing "to prove that Providence was on the side of the Whigs," he assuredly had no more serious aim than a certain unconscious partisanship of his own political party. Macaulay, although brought up at Clapham, and in the neighbourhood of the Clapham sect, had no preaching tendencies. Nor had Landor, who, however, never obtained more than a handful of an audience. Macaulay's most effective successor, and, like him, not a moralist, is Dr. S. R. Gardiner, who has taught us so much about the earlier Stuarts and about Cromwell. But the two rival schools of history which made most stir during the reign were undoubtedly influenced by Carlyle.

This was even the case with Edward Freeman, who despised Carlyle. Bishop Stubbs, Dr. Freeman, and their successor and assimilator, J. R. Green, had abundance of "theories." Their contempt for Mr. Froude made it peculiarly humorous that he should have succeeded two of them in the chair of history at Oxford. Mr. Froude wrote abundant histories and biographies, always picturesquely, but with a happy indifference to accuracy. He can scarcely ever have verified a reference, and yet he thought himself a heaven-born missionary, designed to weigh nations in the balance. So also did the Professor of History at Cambridge, Sir John Seeley, who wrote brilliant theology in "Ecce Homo" and accurate history in the "Life and Times of Stein." Good historians have flourished during the reign, not only historians of our own country, but historians of the world in general. It was truly wonderful that a successful banker like George Grote should have been able to produce those twelve magnificent volumes of the "History of Greece." George Grote and Bishop Thirlwall both set themselves to work to rectify the false view of ancient Greece propounded by Mitford. Thirlwall's book enjoyed a comfortable popularity during the early years of the Queen's reign, but it has not held its ground. Grote's History, however, is never likely to be superseded. Qualified and supplemented by some of the great German historians, it is *the* book from which to get a general acquaintance with the ancient world. Dr. Arnold's "Rome," on the other hand, although readable, has not retained the attention of scholars in the same measure as the work of a brother ecclesiastic, Dean Merivale. Great ecclesiastics have, indeed, been splendid ornaments of Victorian literature. Dean Milman's "History of Latin Christianity" will not lack for readers for many years to come. Dean Kitchin's "History of France" makes scarcely less attractive reading than Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People," and Bishop Creighton, the Rev. Sir George Cox, Dean Church, and many others have added much to our historical and literary knowledge.

Biographical literature has scarcely been of less importance than the historical. Some half-dozen biographies make up the record which remains to us of the pre-Victorian literature. Boswell's "Johnson," Lockhart's "Scott," Moore's "Byron," and Southey's Life of Nelson are almost the only biographies which still retain a regular succession of readers, and two of these—Lockhart's "Scott" and Moore's "Byron"—have been extravagantly overpraised. During the present reign, however, we have seen a constant succession of beautiful biographies, which, whether they live or not, will have had abundant attraction for their period. Their permanence, of course, is dependent upon the interest in their subjects continuing. Foremost among these biographies one must place George Henry Lewes's Life of Goethe, and scarcely second to this is Sir George Trevelyan's Life of Lord Macaulay. Sir George Trevelyan's other biographical effort, "The Early Years of Charles James Fox," is even a more brilliant example of what a biography should be. Perhaps the most widely-selling biography of the reign has been Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë, which enormously enhanced the reputation of Miss Brontë as well as of her biographer. Another novelist of equal reputation to Charlotte Brontë—George Eliot—on the other hand, received an irreparable

shock to her fame by the publication of the ineffective biography which was prepared by her husband, Mr. J. W. Cross. The Life of Charles Dickens, by John Forster, excited a sufficient stir at the time of its appearance, but it has no longer much of an audience, in spite of the continued popularity of its subject. It was thought at the time that the biographer displayed too much egotism and self-assertion, and it can scarcely be doubted that, with the enormous mass of new material, in the way of letters and documents, which have been collected since Dickens' death, we shall still see a final and more interesting presentation of the most popular writer of our day. Forster wrote other biographies: one of Goldsmith, another—which he did not live to complete—of Swift, and a most interesting series of studies of the statesmen of the Commonwealth, one of which—the Life of Sir John Eliot—still deserves to be remembered.

Of religious biography and autobiography we have seen an equally abundant harvest. Most notable of all was the "Apologia" of John Henry Newman, and next perhaps in interest the Life of Dr. Arnold, by Dean Stanley. The Life of Charles Kingsley, by his widow, gave a most enchanting presentation of a most attractive man. Even more ably written was the Life of Frederick Robertson of Brighton, from the pen of Mr. Stopford Brooke, but the world of our day has, perhaps, ceased to be interested in Frederick Robertson.

Certainly the most substantial biography of the day, so far as bulk is concerned, is Professor David Masson's Life of Milton. Nearly all the great poets have had their Lives written, and written well: Dean Church wrote on Spenser, Professor Courthope on Pope, Mr. Christie on Dryden, and, indeed, I cannot give even a list of the notable and attractive biographies of the Victorian Era, as I have already exhausted my allotted space.

Coming back, however, to my main position, I would again insist that the literature of the period is a literature essentially of the pulpit. Such powerful representatives of its philosophic thought as John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer; such scientific investigators as Charles Darwin, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Huxley, and Professor Tyndall, all of whom made literature by their splendid writing gifts; men of science and theologians—High Churchmen like Dr. Liddon, Broad Churchmen like Dr. Jowett, Presbyterians like Dr. Chalmers, Romanists like Lord Acton, have argued long and strenuously, until, from very weariness, we have a lull in argument and perhaps a lull in literary creativeness to-day.

CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

A REVIEW OF JUBILEE BOOKS.*

THE bookshops are flooded with lives of the Queen and with surveys of her reign, from handsome quartos to penny tracts. We have examined a good many, and now describe a dozen or so of the outstanding ones for the benefit of such as desire to procure literary and pictorial mementos of the forthcoming commemoration, or a short cut to a general knowledge of the history of the last sixty years.

The most important of them all is, or will be, Messrs. Boussod and Valadon, the Fine Art publishers' "Queen Victoria." The text, which has been written by Mr. Richard R. Holmes, F.S.A., the royal librarian at Windsor, has been compiled with the help and sanction of Her Majesty; and possibly it may correct and contradict a good many popular statements and legends about its illustrious subject. It is a personal life, not primarily a history of the reign. Every facility has been given to the publishers for the engraving of portraits and miniatures, many of them inaccessible till now. No care or money has been spared to make it a work of high artistic value. But, of course, it is a book for the few.

Among the more popular works, Messrs. Harmsworth Bros.' "Sixty Years a Queen" deserves first mention. It is appearing now in fortnightly parts, but it is hoped the complete volume will be ready for the Commemoration Week. Sir Herbert Maxwell has done his part well, chronicling the chief events of the reign—social, political, industrial, scientific, literary, and artistic—in a business-like but pleasant fashion. The illustrations, however, are the important feature; and for their choice, number, and reproduction, they are really deserving of high praise. Nearly

THE CORONATION PROCESSION.
From "The Personal Life of Queen Victoria." (Hodder and Stoughton.)

* "Queen Victoria." By R. R. Holmes, F.S.A. £3 3s. and £8. (Boussod and Valadon.)

"Sixty Years a Queen." By Sir H. Maxwell, M.P. Illustrated. Arranged and printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode. (Harmsworth Brps.)

"The Queen's Empire." Illustrated. (Cassell and Co.)

"The Personal Life of Queen Victoria." By S. A. Tooley. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"Victoria R.I." By Dr. Macaulay. Illustrated. (R. T. S.)

"These Sixty Years." By F. M. Holmes, W. J. Gordon, etc. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (R. T. S.)

"Britain's Queen." By Thomas Paul. Illustrated. 5s., 1s., 6d., etc. (J. F. Shaw.)

"People's Life of the Queen." By Rev. E. J. Hardy. Illustrated. 6d. (Cassell.)

"Victoria." Illustrated. By D. Williamson. 1s. (Ward, Lock.)

"Early Portraits of Queen Victoria." 5s. and 1s. (Karslake.)

"History of Our Own Times." By Justin McCarthy. Vol. 5. 12s. (Chatto.)

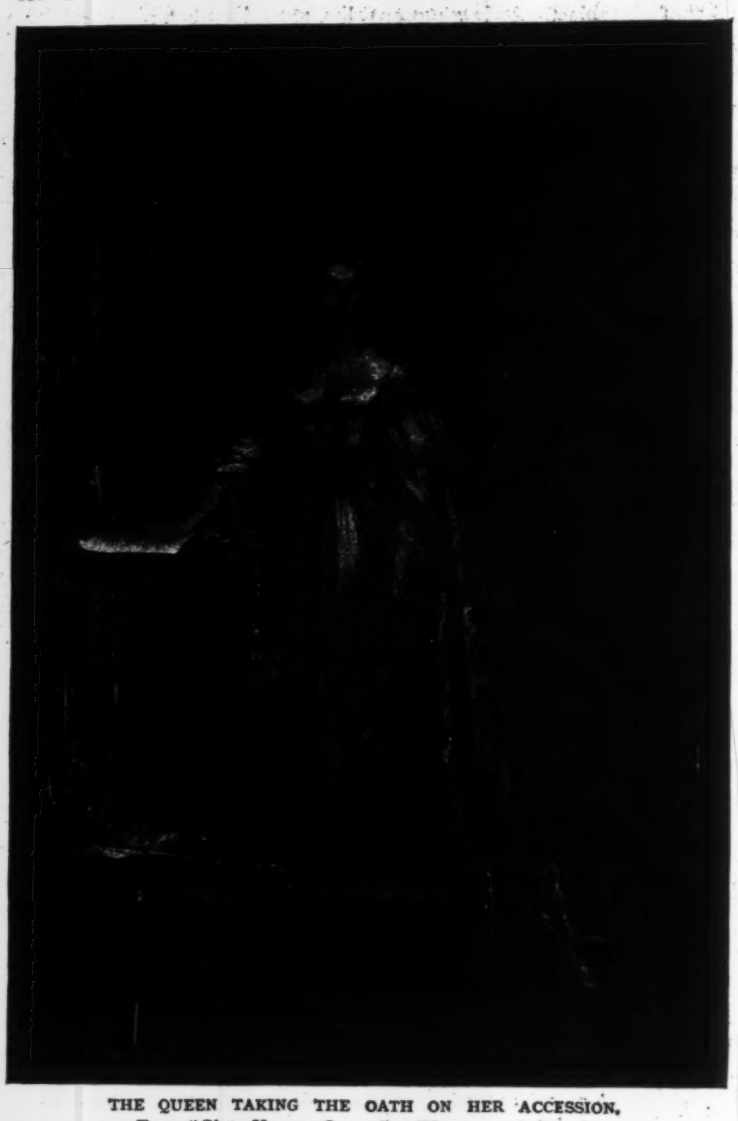
"Social Transformations of the Victorian Age." By T. H. S. Escott. 6s. (Seeley.)

"Pioneer Women in Victoria's Reign." By E. A. Pratt. 5s. (Newnes.)

"The Queen's Reign for Children." By W. Clarke Hall. (Unwin.)

all the important pictures in the royal collection have been specially photographed for the work, the leading events of the time are depicted from authentic sketches—among which should be mentioned an excellent selection of caricatures—and, of course, there is no lack of the portraits of the principal personages of the time. The book deserves success. It was easy to make it handsome, but its contents and style are in excellent taste.

Another illustrated work appearing in parts is interesting for quite other reasons—Messrs. Cassell's "The Queen's



THE QUEEN TAKING THE OATH ON HER ACCESSION.
From "Sixty Years a Queen." (Harmsworth Bros.)

Empire." Mr. H. O. Arnold-Foster, M.P., contributes a preface, but, save for that and the descriptive notes attached to the illustrations, it is entirely a picture-book, with a very comprehensive subject. The illustrations record the modes of government in every spot of Her Majesty's dominions—not omitting the sitting of the Tynwald in the Isle of Man, and the States of Guernsey in session—the different religions, the ways of living, the national sports; in fact, every phase of life which can give to us islanders a clear idea of what is happening in our colonies and dependencies, and to our fellow subjects abroad some notion of the way we live and move here at home. It is an enterprise which has tested the energy and the dramatic sense of the photographers; and the result is a success.

Among the popular books that are more strictly biographies, Mrs. Tooley's "Personal Life of Queen Victoria," published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton some little time ago, is certainly the pleasantest. It is copiously illustrated, and may be counted on as reliable—a great deal of private information was collected by the compiler—and no better account of Her Majesty, on the domestic side, has yet been written.

The Religious Tract Society have issued several works on the subject. Dr. Macaulay's "Victoria R.I.," first written for the Jubilee ten years ago, but now brought up to date, still remains the best of these, we think. Its general plan is the same as another and cheaper book published by the same society, "These Sixty Years." Both give brief summaries of the personal life, but are chiefly concerned with British progress in religion, art, science, and industry during the reign.

In several different forms and at as many different prices, Messrs. J. F. Shaw and Son have sent out a similar and equally good compilation, "Britain's Queen, the Story of the Reign," by T. Paul. The illustrations are particularly good. A cheap reprint of the Rev. E. J. Hardy's well-known "People's Life of their Queen" has been issued by Messrs. Cassell, a pleasant little book which deals especially with the Royal family life. Mention should also be made of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s "Victoria," the pictures of which are exceptionally well chosen and reproduced. The letterpress, brief and subordinate to these, is by Mr. David Williamson. Messrs. Karslake have made an interesting collection of Early Portraits of Queen Victoria, 1820-1855; but in the cheap edition we think they might have been better printed. Some of the pictures are not very familiar; they include a few of the fancy portraits so much in vogue forty or fifty years ago, besides well-known ones by Sir W. Beechey, Chalon, and Winterhalter.

Those we have mentioned all depend greatly on illustration for their interest. Among the unpictorial works, the first place should be given to Mr. T. H. S. Escott's "Social Transformations of the Victorian Age, a Survey of Court and County." It is a serious and comprehensive survey, not a history, a rewritten version less detailed, but brought up to date, of the author's "England, its People, Polity, and Pursuits." The press, the drama, the county council, the public schools, and every other notable force and institution are commented on, and almost always in a cheerful spirit. Although Mr. Escott's is not, like some of the others we have mentioned, a mere compilation, it has one thing in common with all of them whose subject is the general progress of the reign. There is abundant allusion to past difficulties, but none to those of the present day. Contentious matter is avoided. In the social survey the sharp industrial struggles of the hour are slurred; literature and the drama are talked of as if Tennyson and Robertson were the mov-

ing forces; and art as if the approval of the Royal Academy were the final test. What wearies us and what proves our vitality to-day is decorously avoided, which, perhaps, is just as it should be. For the books are holiday books, and however stormy yesterday may have been, it is a relaxation to think of it now.

Perhaps in connection with these surveys of recent history we may fittingly mention the publication of the fifth volume of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," which reviews the events from Mr. Gladstone's victory of 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. This period, including as it does the Bradlaugh episode, the bombardment of Alexandria, and the development of the Egyptian question, the Home Rule agitation, the "Parnellism and Crime" case, the troubles in the East and in South Africa, appeals strongly to our interest, and the events have been treated very graphically and in the tolerant fashion characteristic of the writer.

Two works dealing with special departments of energy should be noted. One is Mr. Edwin A. Pratt's "Pioneer Women in Victoria's Reign," published by Messrs. G. Newnes, a series of sensible biographies of women who have identified themselves with the study of medicine, emigration, poor law reform, and higher education. The other — "The Queen's Reign for Children" (Unwin)—makes a still wider appeal. The writer is Mr. W. Clarke Hall, and Mr. Benjamin Waugh has supplied an introduction. As the title is a little misleading, it should be explained that Mr. Hall's subject is a statement, not too highly coloured, of the unprotected condition of children at the beginning of the reign, an account of the legislation on their behalf since then, with further recommendations drawn from the example of some of the American States and our own Australian Colonies. Here, at least, is a record of a clear advance in civilisation.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT.
From "Britain's Queen." (J. F. Shaw.)

THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS, WINDSOR.
From "Victoria R.I." (R.T.S.)

LIVING POETS.

IV.—Mr. Robert Bridges.

M. MAETERLINCK, in his beautiful "Treasure of the Humble," compares the dramas of our stage to the paintings of an obsolete taste; and the dramas of the stage, for which he hopes, to the paintings of a taste that cannot become obsolete. "The true artist," he says, "no longer chooses Marius triumphing over the Cimbrians, or the assassination of the Duke of Guise, as fit subjects for his art; for he is well aware that the psychology of victory or murder is but elementary and exceptional, and that the solemn voice of men and things, the voice that issues forth so timidly and hesitatingly, cannot be heard

amidst the idle uproar of acts of violence. And therefore will he place on his canvas a house lost in the heart of the country, a door open at the end of a passage, a face or hands at rest." I do not understand him to mean that our dramas should have no victories or murders, for he quotes for our example plays that have both, but only that their victories and murders shall not be to excite our nerves, but to illustrate the reveries of a wisdom which shall be as much a part of the daily life of the wise as a face or hands at rest And certainly the greater plays of the past ages have been built after such a fashion. If this fashion is about to become our fashion also, and there are signs that it is, plays like the plays of Mr. Robert Bridges will come suddenly out of that obscurity into which all poetry, that is not lyrical poetry, has fallen, and even popular criticism will begin to know something about them. Some day the few among us, who care for poetry more than any temporal thing, and who believe that its delights cannot be perfect when we read it alone in our rooms and long for one to share its delights, but that they might be perfect in the theatre, when we share them friend with friend, lover with beloved, will persuade a few idealists to seek out the lost art of speaking, and seek out ourselves the lost art, that is perhaps nearest of all arts to eternity, the subtle art of listening. When that day comes we will talk much of Mr. Bridges; for did he not write scrupulous, passionate poetry to be sung and to be spoken, when there were few to sing and as yet none to speak? There is one play especially, "The Return of Ulysses," which we will praise for perfect after its kind, the kind of our new drama of wisdom, for it moulds into dramatic shape, and with as much as possible of literal translation, those closing books of the Odyssey which are perhaps the most perfect poetry of the world, and compels that great tide of song to flow through delicate dramatic verse, with little abatement of its own leaping and clamorous speed. As I read, the gathering passion overwhelms me, as it did when Homer himself was the singer, and when I read at last the lines in which the maid describes to Penelope the battle with the suitors, at which she looks through the open door, I tremble with excitement.

"*Penelope*: Alas! what cries! Say, is the prince still safe?
The Maid: He shieldeth himself well, and striketh surely;
His foes fall down before him. Ah! now what can I see?
Who cometh? Lo! a dazzling helm, a spear
Of silver or electron; sharp and swift
The piercings. How they fall! Ha! shields are raised
In vain. I am blinded, or the beggar-man
Hath waxed in strength. He is changed, he is young. O strange!
He is all in golden armour. These are gods
That slay the suitors. (*Runs to Penelope.*) O lady, forgive me.
'Tis Ares' self. I saw his crispèd beard;
I saw beneath his helm his curlèd locks."

The coming of Athene helmed "in silver or electron" and her transformation of Ulysses are not, as the way is with the only modern dramas that popular criticism holds to be dramatic, the climax of an excitement of the nerves, but of that unearthly excitement whose fruit is wisdom, and which is of like kind with the ecstasy of the seers, an altar flame, unshaken by the winds of the world, and burning every moment with whiter and purer brilliance.

The other eight plays have not this gathering passion, but they have much beauty, and much beauty even that might be a delight upon the stage if we had but possessed our lost arts for a little while and grown easy in their use. "Prometheus, the Fire Bringer," "Nero: the First Part," and "Palicio" are early work, and, with the exception of the first, which is vigorous and simple, though a little slow in its motion, they appear to me rather loose in their hold on character and incident, and, with the exception of "Prometheus, the Fire Bringer," do not move me greatly. "The Christian Captives," which followed "The Return of Ulysses," and "The Humours of the Court," and "Nero: the Second Part" are, like "Nero: the First Part" and "Palicio," in a more or less Shakesperean manner; and though excellent critics consider "Nero: the Second Part" Mr. Bridges' best play, and though I find much beauty in all and great beauty in it, I prefer Mr. Bridges when he follows a more or less classical model, as he does in "The Feast of Bacchus," which is, however, less a poem than an admirable farce condensed from "Terence":

"Or some Terentian play
Renew, whose excellent
Adjusted folds betray
How once Menander went";

and in "Achilles in Scyros"—a placid and charming setting for many placid and charming lyrics:

"And ever we keep a feast of delight
The betrothal of hearts, when spirits unite,
Creating an offspring of joy, a treasure
Unknown to the bad, for whom
The gods foredoom
The glitter of pleasure
And a dark tomb."

The poet who writes best in the Shakesperean manner is a poet with a circumstantial and instinctive mind, who delights to speak with strange voices and to see his mind in the mirror of Nature; while Mr. Bridges, like most of us to-day, has a lyrical and meditative mind, and delights to speak with his own voice and to see Nature in the mirror of his mind. In reading his plays in a Shakesperean manner, I find that he is constantly arranging his story in such and such a way because he has read that the persons he is writing of did such and such things, and not because his soul has passed into the soul of their world and understood its unchangeable destinies. His "Return of Ulysses" is a triumph of beauty, because its classical gravity of speech, which does not, like Shakespeare's verse, desire the vivacity of common life, purifies and subdues all passion into lyrical and meditative ecstasies, and because the unity of place and time in the late acts compels a logical rather than instinctive procession of incidents; and if the Shakesperean "Nero: Second Part" approaches it in beauty and in dramatic power, it is because it eddies about Nero and Seneca, who had both, to a great extent, lyrical and meditative minds. Had Mr. Bridges been a true Shakesperian, the pomp and glory of the world would have drowned that subtle voice that speaks amid our heterogeneous lives of a life lived in obedience to a lonely and distinguished ideal.

"The Return of Ulysses" and "Achilles in Scyros" move me most of Mr. Bridges' longer poems, and after them, and I think before the "Nero: Second Part," I number "Eros and Psyche," in which the part that comes

closest to folk lore, the description of the tasks that Aphrodite sets to Psyche, is particularly moving:

> Then Psyche said: "This is the biting flood
> Of black Cocytus, silvered with the gleam
> Of souls, that guilty of another's blood
> Are pent therein, and as they swim they scream."

I cannot judge properly of "Eden: an Oratorio," and of the "Purcell Commemoration Ode," and of the little I have seen of "The Yattingdon Hymnal," for they must be judged with the music, and I have no knowledge of music. I find the little I have seen of the Hymnal full of intellectual passion; and "Eden," which does not, and I know not well why, greatly move me when I read it as a poem, has, when I imagine it as sung, a curious dramatic ecstasy, particularly in such things as the repeated "And what is man?" at the opening. These poems, except possibly the Hymnal, of which I cannot yet judge, however, seem to me of a less accomplished rhythm and easy beauty than the poems in the "Shorter Poems" which are written to be read only. Mr. Bridges has a more assured mastery over the theory and practice of a various and subtle rhythm of words than any living poet, and though his poems for music are honourable deeds, his poems are at their best when free from the bondage of any rhythm but the rhythm of words. Had he to remember the rhythm of a tune he could not, it is probable, have written.

> But, ah! the leaves of summer that lie on the ground!
> What havoc! The laughing timbrels of June,
> That curtained the birds' cradles, and screened their song,
> That sheltered the cooing birds at noon,
> Of airy fans the delicate throng,—
> Torn and scattered around!
> Far out afield they lie,
> In the watery furrows die,
> In the grassy pools of the flood they sink and drown,
> Green-golden, orange, vermilion, golden and brown,
> The high year's flaunting crown,
> Shattered and trampled down.

> The day is done; the tired land looks for night;
> She prays to the night to keep
> In peace her nerves of delight:
> While silver mist upstealeth silently,
> And the broad cloud-driving moon in the clear sky
> Lifts o'er the firs her shining shield
> And in her tranquil light
> Sleep falls on forest and field.
> See! sleep hath fallen; the trees are asleep;
> The night is come. The land is wrapt in sleep.

I know no poet of our time, and few of our century, who can so perfectly knead thought and rhythm into the one mystical body of faint flame. Who can say whether the charm of these verses, the first three in one of his early lyrics, is in their thought or in their rhythm?

> I heard a linnet courting
> His lady in the spring;
> His mates were idly sporting,
> Nor stayed to hear him sing
> His song of love.
> I fear my speech distorting
> His tender love.
>
> The phrases of his pleading
> Were full of young delight;
> And she that gave him heeding
> Interpreted aright
> His gay—sweet notes—
> So sadly marred in the reading—
> His tender notes.
>
> And when he ceased, the hearer
> Awaited the refrain,
> Till swiftly perching nearer
> He sang his song again,
> His pretty song:—
> Would that my verse spake fitter
> His tender song.

The more a poet rids his verses of heterogeneous knowledge and irrelevant analysis, the more he purifies his mind with elaborate art, the more does the little ritual of his verse resemble the great ritual of nature, and become mysterious and inscrutable. He becomes, as all the great mystics have believed, a vessel of the creative power of God; and whether he be a great poet or a small poet, we can praise the poems, which but seem to be his, with the extremity of praise that we give this great ritual which is but copied from the same eternal model. There is poetry that is like the white light of noon, and poetry that has the heaviness of woods, and poetry that has the golden light of dawn or of sunset; and I find in the poetry of Mr. Bridges the pale colours, the delicate silence, the low murmurs of cloudy country days, when the plough is in the earth, and the clouds darkening towards sunset; and had I the great gift of praising, I would praise it as I would praise these things. W. B. YEATS.

P.S.—It is a common idea that Mr. Bridges' poems are published privately, and are not in the market. They can all be bought cheaply enough from Messrs. George Bell and Sons.

SYMPOSIUM

ON THE REPUBLICATION OF NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

IN view of the great mass of articles contributed by eminent writers to the press of to-day, the question of reprinting selections of these is of considerable interest to readers. We therefore asked some men of letters to give us their opinion on the desirability of seeking a more permanent audience for journalistic work, and to say how far they have found such work available for republication. We are permitted to print the following replies received from Mr. Andrew Lang, and from the authors of "At Random," "Without Prejudice," and "From Grave to Gay."—ED. *Bookman.*

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I do not think I can enter into the subject of my own performances. But some things are written with the purpose of publishing them in book shape, yet are first used in a serial, just as a novel runs through a magazine. The serial form is a mere accident. I doubt whether essays written as journalistic work pure and simple are often worth reprinting. The distinction between the two sorts is obvious and essential, and specimens of both kinds may be found in the final collection, for example, of Thackeray's writings.—Faithfully yours, A. LANG.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—The obvious difficulty in reprinting articles written originally for the Press is, that they are apt to touch some momentary question or phase of a question, which has no subsequent interest. As a rule, the journalist's champagne does not sparkle when the vintage is more than a week old. He may seek to circumvent his destiny by sending to his editor essays which will be equally lifelike a year or two hence—essays on "Repartee," or on subtle interrogations which go to the root of things, such as "Is the

Judicial Temper Possible to Woman?" or, "Ought we to Wear White Evening Ties or Black?" But the editor, with his eye on the immediate whirl of affairs, is apt to say, "Very neat, my friend, but not quite topical. What I want is an article on a subject which is in everybody's mind. You can't say that repartee is in everybody's mind!' You can't; and when you explain that this is reason the more why an invaluable weapon should be brought home to the democratic intelligence, your editor grimly intimates, with polite circumlocution, that you are a specious knave.

I am the author of a little volume of collected papers ("At Random"), which I am glad to mention, as my publishers have left off advertising it in the conventional way. The editor of THE BOOKMAN has been good enough to ask how I rescued these waifs from the mass of unheeded journalism. I have written multitudinous columns which are buried in newspaper files beyond the hope of resurrection. Here are some four-and-thirty articles and sketches, raised from the tomb, and bearing, I trust, no marks of the journalist's hasty improvisation. I well remember the day I wrote the first of them, and said to myself, "This, if I can give it some decent companions, shall be reprinted." The only merit it has in my eyes is that it recalls the moment when I interrupted the usual grind of journalism to write something for my own pleasure. After that, from time to time, I lapsed again from the "topical" into those enchanted bypaths of the essayist, leading nowhere, and enlivened by unexpected ideas, like startled rabbits scudding through a young plantation. Now and then, these excursions were abruptly checked by an editorial intimation that nobody could make out what I was driving at; and so I would decline for a while upon the inglorious "topic."

This is the modest genesis of "At Random." All these papers, as I have said, were written with a view to republication; but the hours of dire misgiving, passed in preparing the volume for the press, sentenced a considerable number to oblivion. The task of eliminating allusions, obviously born and dead of the moment, was a prolonged spell of torment. More time, I think, was occupied by the revision of these fugitive compositions than was originally spent in the writing of them. I enter into these details simply because the reprinting of journalistic work demands the most rigorous selection, without which the reader may be irritated, and the illusion of freshness destroyed. If you survive this danger, your humble reprint may obtain an entirely new public, to whom, in your original state, you were unknown, to say nothing of colleagues who did not think much of you in that state, but pay you the stimulating compliment, "How much better you are in the book, dear boy, than you were in the *Sketch!*"

L. F. AUSTIN.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your queries as to my opinion on republication, I have to contradict your impression that I am one of the "men of letters who have for years contributed to the press and have reprinted in book form some of their articles." I have done comparatively little journalistic work in my life, and I have reproduced scarcely any of it in book form. I imagine, therefore, that you must refer to my "Without Prejudice," and that you have been misled by the parrotry of critics into regarding my last book as a collection of matter done for the moment and republished by an after-thought. Nothing can be further from the truth. Whatever be the value of my zigzag reflections in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, they were set down with a view to more than a month of permanence. I chose this medium of expression deliberately, and it was because I desired such expression that the editors kindly added my annexe to their exhibition. If "journalism"—in a depreciatory sense—means task-work done under control, I certainly did none, for I was not even bound to be "topical." And if "journalism" means work done in a hurry, then I must confess that some at least of my monthly contributions were written many times over. But if "journalism" only means work that touches things of the moment, surely it does not follow that such work is, *ipso facto*, only for the moment.

All depends on the handling, whether the temporary and the local are lifted into the light of the universal and the eternal. If to bristle with "topical allusions that will need footnotes in ten years' time" meant exclusion from "literature," there would be sad gaps in the classics of all languages, and no political oration would survive its day of utterance.

My opinion then on the "desirability of seeking a more permanent audience for journalistic work," has not the specific value you imagine. But since you honour me by asking my opinion, it is this: that it is extremely desirable to republish anything good that any journalist may have stumbled into doing—unlike Shadwell he sometimes deviates into sense—but extremely unlikely, considering the conditions of production, that there will be much of good to republish. In short, I recognise no boundary line between "journalism" and "literature" except the line of bad writing. In theory "journalism" might be great "literature." In practice, "journalism" is usually slipshod and without personality. *Voilà tout.* To think that either the place of its publication or the concreteness of its content can affect the merit of writing is absurd. Men of letters who can impose their personality on the periodical press, instead of having to express the personality of its readers, are merely using a convenient mode of profitable publication. The signed work on the Continental Press is often "literature." So—in these days of Andrew Lang, of Le Gallienne, of "Q.," of Shaw and Archer and Walkley—it has begun to be here, and I hope these gentlemen, and others of their kidney, will never hesitate to put into covers what they have diffused through time and space, merely because the market is already flooded with "literature" that has been unable to find acceptance as "journalism."—Yours faithfully,

I. ZANGWILL.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In my opinion the only principle upon which a journalist can select articles written by him for republication is to ask himself whether the articles in question have in them any permanent element of interest. If they deal with the passing problems of party politics, they are certainly not worth reprinting. Ordinary reviews of current literature are also of little avail, unless under the name of reviews they are studies of some poet, or novelist, or historian, taken as a whole. I cannot doubt that there is a great deal of good literary work printed in newspapers, and that it is well worth while to save this work from oblivion. Matter published in a newspaper is absolutely dead a week after its issue, and therefore the journalist has a very strong incentive to reprint matter which he thinks ought to be given a chance to survive.—I am, yours faithfully,

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

MR. ANDREW LANG AND "THE BRONTËS: FACT AND FICTION."

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—In discussing that part of my book, "The Brontës: Fact and Fiction," which treats of Charlotte Brontë's relation to M. Héger, Mr. Andrew Lang says, "there can be only one reason for discussing that problem," and this, he hints, is the desire to pry into "the mechanism of genius." I am afraid that Mr. Lang has not read carefully the essay he criticises, and I may perhaps be allowed to point out to your readers that my purpose was not "to pry into" anything. I introduce the subject with these words: "Let me state at the outset that I think this subject should never have been publicly touched upon. . . . It was a secret which Charlotte kept hidden from her dearest friends in her lifetime. It does not, as I shall attempt to show, affect, though it confirms, our estimate of her character, and the knowledge of it is not necessary to the appreciation of her art. It should have been left alone." I go on to point out, however, that it has not been left alone, but has been frequently discussed during the last twenty years; that lately the evidence in support of it has become to many minds irresistible; and that it is now hinted that the story, if true, is discreditable. My purpose, therefore, is quite different from that imputed by Mr. Lang; it is by substituting frank discussion of the subject for that "treatment by dark hints and significant nods" which has been hitherto accorded it

to save the character of Charlotte Brontë from aspersion, and to show that she truly was *in any case* not only one of the most gifted, but one of the noblest of women. I repudiate with indignation the implied charge that I have written what could justly give offence to surviving friends. Indeed, so great is my admiration both for the character and genius of this great writer that I honestly believe few would be more pained by any attack upon her fame than I should.

Mr. Lang's correspondence with Dr. Wright in the *Academy* I did not see till after my book was printed. The doubts therein expressed are of a hesitating kind, and relate only to the first part of the Irish romance. On the other hand, his review in the *Illustrated London News* was enthusiastic, and so late as February of this year Dr. Wright speaks of himself as indebted to Mr. Andrew Lang "for valuable criticisms both public and private." Under these circumstances no ordinary weight attaches to Mr. Lang's acknowledgment that my book "confirms his doubts," and that "the origin of these legends seems to need exploration."

On one point Mr. Lang suggests a possible excuse for Dr. Wright, but this excuse is based on a misquotation, and as this affects the question under discussion I may be allowed to point it out. Mr. Lang's words are as follows: "When Hugh III. is made to say that his grandfather Hugh I. suffered somehow under George III., we may suspect a misprint. George I. must be intended if any George, and if so some anachronisms will disappear and some miracles with them." But it was not Hugh III., but Hugh II. who in Dr. Wright's book *twice* makes the assertion alluded to. Now Hugh II. was fifteen years old when George III. ascended the throne, and he could never have spoken of events which occurred long before his birth as happening in that monarch's reign. This confirms the conclusion I had arrived at from other data—viz., that *Hugh II. cannot possibly have been the real author of the myths.* It needs someone much nearer our own time to confuse George III. with Queen Anne!—I am, etc.,

ANGUS M. MACKAY.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. BARING-GOULD'S "ST. PAUL."*

A complete review of this remarkable book would occupy more space than we can afford. Naturally, one dreaded a mere piece of book-making from a litterateur so prolific in multifarious productions as Mr. Baring-Gould. This dread is not lessened by his avowal that the present enterprise was forced upon him—presumably by the publishers? In justification of his uttering a new life of Paul, his preface is unusually full and apologetic. He disclaims the intention, and even the ability, to write a life filled out with archæological, geographical, and historical details, or tracing every development of his theology. "The line I have adopted is that of the man of the world, of a novelist with some experience of life, and some acquaintance with the springs of conduct that actuate mankind." It is, therefore, rather the human side of the Apostle he aims at depicting, and he professes an unwillingness to obtrude the miraculous and the divine. But what, perhaps unconsciously, influences him even more is his repugnance to those lives of St. Paul in which "adulation is laid on with a trowel," and in which "unctuous expletives are poured over him, till the precious balms break his head." His revolt against these unduly laudatory pictures of the Apostle has led him into a mode of treatment which may, without exaggeration, be termed persistent disparagement. St. Paul was, according to Mr. Baring-Gould, not so influential in diffusing Christianity as the older apostles. He "rushes about founding Churches" in "comet-like whirls"; he is "irritable under opposition, and incapacitated by his rabbinic education for thinking clearly"; "his reasonings convinced nobody, and he was himself conscious at last how poor and ineffective they were," and so on, *ad nauseam*, or at any rate until one begins to fancy that Mr. Baring-Gould's guiding idea is to reverse all previous judgments of St. Paul and his work. Not till the close of the volume do we find the explanation. At p. 434 we read: "Recognising, as one cannot fail to do, the sincerity, the enthusiasm, the indefatigable energy of St. Paul, his singleness of heart, his strength of purpose, his devotion to his Master, and his breadth of charity, I have not dwelt upon these characteristics, because these have been written about a thousand times—now with grave admiration, then in frothy verbiage. What has been attempted in these pages is to supplement the work of his eulogisers by filling in their omissions." That is to say, Mr. Baring-Gould himself declares that he has in this volume given us a partial and defective picture of St. Paul; and readers of his volume will no doubt duly admire the self-restraint with which he represses every natural outburst of enthusiastic admiration of the man who certainly has done more for Christianity than any other, however great.

But even estimated as a contribution towards the knowledge of Paul, Mr. Baring-Gould's "Study" has grave defects. He frequently falls into the characteristic snare of modern criticism, and infers from a casual allusion in his documents much more than is warranted. Sometimes he falls into the vice of the literary artist, and exaggerates for the sake of effect. These, however, are trivial faults. More serious dissent from his judgments will be provoked by his treatment of the controversies in which Paul was involved. In discussing the great conflict between Law and Gospel, he seems to miss entirely, what to Paul was the heart of the whole matter, that Christ, irrespective of law and everything else, was sufficient for salvation. This being left out of sight, Paul's fight for the liberty and spirituality of the Christian religion is entirely misunderstood. But to cease fault-finding, let it be said in a word that Mr. Baring-Gould lowers himself in the estimation of those who sincerely admire his versatile genius when he speaks of a dignitary of his own Church as "that mouther of common opinion."

The merits of the "Study" are great. A large amount of information has been wrought up into an attractive and readable account of the Apostle. It is realistic in the best sense. Mr. Baring-Gould's imagination has enabled him to reproduce the circumstances and figure of St. Paul, and to present him as a living man in a living society. Frequently he sets us in fresh points of view, and, by an allusion to modern history or social life, brings vividness and intelligibility into some obscure incident or custom of primitive times. It is the work of a man of wide reading, of trained artistic skill, and of decided opinions. It will be largely read; and it deserves to be largely read.

MARCUS DODS.

* "A Study of St. Paul: His Character and Opinions." By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. (Isbister & Co., Ltd.)

IBSEN ON HIS MERITS.*

Few writers, of quality original and startling enough to be argued about, have owed their fame less to argument than Ibsen. Brilliant critics and expositors he has, of course, had in several lands; frantic denouncers likewise, whose fury has excited in many minds the characteristically English suspicion that the object of it had merit, and that so much ado could not be about nothing. For all that, however, the main force in the steady and latterly swift advance and extension of Ibsen's fame, has been neither praise nor gibe, but a kind of dæmonic spell which depends as little on winning our intellectual assent as does the inrush of the wild west wind. The present volume is penetrated with a sense of this dæmonic quality of Ibsen. The work of two writers, both, we believe, dramatic critics, and one a journalist of high distinction, it seeks to apply to Ibsen a criticism which is in the main dramatic rather than philosophical, social, or even strictly literary; to judge him by the effect he produces upon the qualified spectator or reader; at least to give this effect its full share in determining the judgment. Hence, while this volume is less striking intellectually than Mr. Wicksteed's Ibsen Lectures, or even than Mr. G. B. Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism," it appeals more directly and more cogently than either to the theatre-

* "Ibsen on his Merits." By Sir E. R. Russell and P. C. Standing. (Chapman and Hall.)

goer pure and simple. Sir Edward Russell's contribution to the joint volume is the fine lecture which he delivered two or three years ago at University College, Liverpool. It had already appeared in pamphlet form, but is now considerably enlarged and revised. He writes also a supplementary notice of "Borkman." His mode of approaching Ibsen is fairly displayed in the following vivid description:

"The experience of most people is that they begin to read or see a play of Ibsen with curiosity; that they expect to be bored by his *dramatis personæ*; that as they advance they wonder how so provincial a man could ever get so European a reputation; but that suddenly, just as they are going to yawn they are, as it were, struck to the very centre by some strong, penetrating, pregnant suggestion of character or problem which seems to curdle the sensibilities. From that moment the author has them at his mercy. His grip never relaxes until his design his worked out. His faults and awkwardnesses matter not. The reader or spectator submits to the Ibsen spell." That there are "provincial" elements in Ibsen both authors recognise with a frankness sufficient to disarm the sturdiest denouncer of "suburban Scandinavia"; indeed, we think that in their anxiety to give full weight to this point of view, they at times tend to ignore the distinction between the literary and the geographical sense of the word provincial. At one point this seems suddenly to strike Sir Edward. After emphasizing Ibsen's "intense and belittling provinciality," and insisting justly, on the good to be gained from the 'Pillars of Society" by those who "will condescend to be preached to from a provincial text,' he turns round upon his Liverpool audience with "And after all, why not? We, at least, have some reason to respect provinciality." And then follows an interesting note about the large endowments provided by provincial Liverpool for its University College. We do not write this with the slightest disrespect for Sir Edward; we merely wish that he had given a more precise meaning to the distinction he so freely uses. Burns of Ayrshire is less provincial now than all the contemporary warblers of Attic Edinburgh; and provincialism in regard to Ibsen may, a century hence, quite possibly be found to have had its seat at no great distance from Fleet Street and Printing House Square.

We have little space to speak of either writer's criticisms in detail. Sir Edward Russell yields but faint praise to "Peer Gynt," but he has a weighty and finely felt paragraph upon "Ghosts," and a profusion of scattered felicities, as when he refers, *apropos* of the final scene in "Borkman," to "that fashion of roaming upwards into the mists and snows which is Ibsen's most frequent expression of bewildered consciousness and erratic will." His coadjutor, Mr. Standing, contributes to the book several chapters in which the series of the social dramas, down to the last, together with "Peer Gynt" and "Brand" are discussed with much acumen and resource. He quotes also many interesting and striking dicta of foreign critics about them. His style is a little spasmodic, and he is too prone to the kind of epigram which either bewilders by its extravagance or falls flat (pp. 94, 109, 117, 151). We would also suggest the correction in a second edition of serious misprints on pp. 78, 151, 155, 163, and "again-goers" (*ib*) is hardly intelligible for *gengangere*. We add, with more reluctance, another suggestion: viz., that in such an edition a reference should be added to the source of the verse-renderings quoted in Mr. Standing's chapter ii. and on the title-page. It is a small matter, but courtesy consisteth in such.

C. H. HERFORD.

MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON'S NEW POEMS.*

Delighters in these "New Poems" may feel that at last Mr. Thompson compels recognition of his great powers. They will have "An Anthem of Earth," "The Mistress of Vision," and the "Ode to the Setting Sun" in their ears when they say so. But if they turn back to "The Hound of Heaven," and "A Corymbus for Autumn," they will be reminded that those were of a strength that needed no maturing. It is not so much an increase of compass or an outburst of unexpected energy that marks this volume from the two that came before it, as a faint difference in its temper. The closing lines of the book, addressed to his songs, are significant of a new note, a note of doubtful, fitful, but very personal hope.

"Tell them ye grieve, for your hearts know To-day,
Tell them ye smile, for your eyes know To-morrow."

He is still difficult, still learned in phrase, still scientifically experimental in metre. The critics who are angry with him on these scores can still with reason say that now and again he is slovenly about rhymes and little uniformities in lyrics where care for such trifles would mean much added exquisiteness. But his lyrics have never been so full of charm before. There is no blemish in the radiant "July Fugitive," in the wistful "Nocturne," and in "Field Flower"—

"God took a fit of Paradise-wind,
A slip of coerule weather,
A thought as simple as Himself,
And ravelled them together.
Unto His eyes He held it there,
To teach it gazing debonair
With memory of what, perdie,
A God's young innocences were.
His fingers pushed it through the sod—
It came up redolent of God,
Garrulous of the eyes of God
To all the breezes near it;
Musical of the mouth of God
To all had eyes to hear it;
Mystical with the mirth of God,
That glow-like did ensphere it."

He is still reminiscent of great tunes we have heard from other poets. And yet as ever he is still his own very intricate and very individual self. The strange, strong mixture of Paganism and asceticism is still in the fabric he weaves. The wine of the old gods is native in his blood, else should we never have had his "Ode to the Setting Sun." A good Pagan spoilt, some will say, when they read the After-Strain to the same poem, with the vision of the Cross "gaunt and long 'Twixt me and yet bright skies"; and they will be right so far that in him we see no natural ascetic, confused and intoxicated with sudden earthly visions, but a Pagan painfully converted. Everywhere is the idea of conversion and renunciation, of their pain and their glory, renunciation not as an end, but a key, a path to regions infinite—regions surprising to the ordinary humble believer—

"Where is the land of Luthany,
Where is the tract of Elenore?
I am bound therefor."

From his master, Coventry Patmore, he has adopted one ruling idea—the sacredness of boundaries. In Patmore you find it expressed exquisitely—

"the soul select assumes the stress
Of bonds unbid . . .
And aye hath, cloistered borne,
To the Clown's scorn
The fetters of the three-fold golden chain."
—*Legem Tuam Dilexi.*

but without any sign of strife. In Mr. Thompson's poems the doctrine of the Divinity of limits is subscribed with ache and jar. The mortal and the immortal parts of him strive with each other. He is Christianised, but he is the rebel tamed.

"Not the Circean wine
Most perilous is for pain;
Grapes of the heavens' star-loaden vine,
Whereto the lofty-placed
Thoughts of fair souls attain,
Tempt with a more retributive delight,
And do disrelish all life's sober taste.
'Tis to have drunk too well
The drink that is divine,
Maketh the kind earth waste,
And breath intolerable."

But I think of the two the struggler will teach better the lesson of earthly obedience.

It is not yet superfluous to say that though he is difficult, though his fabric is woven of strange antique patterns, he is not remote from human calls and needs. In truth, for a poet so intimate and personal as he, difficulty is a natural veil of discretion. His wisdom, when you reach it through the splendid trappings, is simple

* "New Poems." By Francis Thompson. 6s. net. (A. Constable.)

enough. He is a poet of feeling rather than of intellect. This picture of the great moment of two lovers is not solitary:

"That falling kiss
Touching long-laid expectance, all went up
Suddenly into passion; yea, the night
Caught, blazed, and wrapt us round in vibrant fire.

Time's beating wing subsided, and the winds
Caught up their breathing, and the world's great pulse
Stayed in mid-throb, and the wild train of life
Reeled by, and left us stranded on a hush.
This moment is a statue unto Love
Carved from a fair white silence."

He is the tender harper of the songs of human fate—

"Whatso looks lovelily
Is but the rainbow on life's weeping rain;"

and like all the poets that have touched us deeply, he knows the strength of breaking, failing, dying human things—

"It is the falling star that trails the light,
It is the breaking wave that hath the might,
The passing shower that rainbows maniple."

And he has told the whole pitiful story of mankind in "An Anthem of Life." "In nescientness, in nescientness," man puts on the "fleshly lendings" of the Earth, "nought dreaming of the after penury."

"In a little joy, in a little joy
We wear awhile thy sore insignia,"

with high hopes and trust, till the Mother speaks to us as men. Then "in a little thought, in a little thought," we stand and gaze and see the ruin of joy, and know we have been deceived. But the instinct of living is strong, and "in a little strength, in a little strength," we face life again, though never more

"with spurted feet shall tread
I' the wine-presses of song."

The fruit of it: "in a little sight, in a little sight," we grow patient, waiting the wisdom of pain, till Earth reclaims her own "in a little dust, in a little dust." And then

"In a little peace, in a little peace,
Like fierce beasts that a common thirst makes brothers,
We draw together to one hid dark lake;

. . . . . .

Pontifical Death, that doth the crevasse bridge
To the steep and trifid God; one mortal birth
That broker is of immortality.

. . . . . .

Now, mortal-sonlike,
I thou hast suckled, Mother, I at last
Shall sustenant be to thee. Here I untrammel,
Here I pluck loose the body's cerementing,
And break the tomb of life; here I shake off
The bur o' the world, man's congregation shun,
And to the antique order of the dead
I take the tongueless vows: my cell is set
Here in thy bosom; my little trouble is ended
In a little peace."

There can be no question of the place of one who can tell us he is the brother of us all in words like these.

A. M.

PROFESSOR MURRAY'S ANCIENT GREEK LITERATURE.*

Professor Murray's work forms the first volume of a series of "Short Histories of the Literature of the World." The general editor is Mr. Edmund Gosse, who, in his introduction, promises us a "succession of attractive volumes" for which he has secured the aid of "a number of scholars whose names guarantee a rare combination of exact knowledge with the power of graceful composition," while they are "pre-eminently recognised for their competence in each branch of the subject." Care will be taken "to preserve uniformity of form" (*sic*), and the books will be "accurate enough to be used in the class-room, and yet pleasant enough to be studied by those who seek nothing from their books but enjoyment." Little notice will be taken of "linguistic origins" or "purely philological curiosities," but "literature will be interpreted," under the special guidance of Mr. Gosse, "as the most perfect utterance of the ripest thought by the finest minds."

After such an introduction the ingenuous reader naturally looks forward to a number of fascinating chapters in which the incomparable beauty of the best Greek writers will be vividly made manifest to him. Unfortunately he will be disappointed. If he knows nothing about Greek literature when he begins he will not know much more when he leaves off. The book, in fact, contains a quantity of observations on Greek authors, often very scholarly and able, but which are quite unintelligible without considerable knowledge of their actual writings; so that if the later volumes of the series, which deal with the literature of Hungary, Scandinavia, and Japan, exhibit a similar method of treatment it is difficult to imagine who will read them. We begin, for example, with a description of the "heroic saga" known as Homer or Homeric; then comes a description of the text, of its "Atticisms" and "Æolisms," of the way in which its subject-matter indicates its origin and age, and we are informed there are "3,354 places" which demand "the restoration of Vau," while "in 654" it ought to be there "but is metrically inadmissible." About the immortal part of Homer, on the other hand, there is nothing whatever. Half a dozen lines are quoted here and there to illustrate an argument, but, except for these, after getting through fifty pages the reader would remain wholly ignorant why anyone troubled themselves about Homer at all. He would be in the position of an intelligent heathen who, wishing to know something about the Bible, had been set down to study Driver's "Introduction."

It is the same all through. Except for one fine piece of translation from The Agamemnon, which shews what Professor Murray can do, there are practically no illustrations of Greek literature. Of the wit of Aristophanes or the wisdom of Plato there is not a word. To Socrates, who, it seems, was "satyr-visaged" and "subject to an auditory hallucination," but who never wrote a line, eight pages are assigned; while Aristotle, whose works are voluminous, and have had an unrivalled influence on thought, receives about three and a half, the Ethics being dismissed in *seventeen words*, which state that they exhibit traces of three hands. There are tedious lists of lost tragedies; there is an account of the Ionian philosophy, which finds its bond of unity in "a half-material hylozoism"; there is a discussion of the text of Thucydides, in which the reader will find that he never "wrote the absolute hodge-podge of ungrammatical and unnatural language" with which he is generally credited. Of Herodotus we are told, in a sentence which will terrify the ignorant, "that neither Ktesias nor Manetho nor Plutarch nor Panovsky nor Sayce" have convicted him of bad faith; while the names of Cobet, Rutherford, Müller-Strübing, Wilamowitz, Schwartz, Herbst, Ullrich, Kirchoff and Cwiklinski, all occurring within a page of print, will suggest to the gentlemen who "seek nothing from their books but enjoyment" that they have at last found it. If anything can add to their enjoyment it will be the flattering sense that they are really beginning to understand Greek when they continually come across such words as "Archê," "Hubris," "Mêchanê," and "hagos," or are asked such questions as "how could a kômôidia go without its kômos?"

The fact is that this is a book written to order, and good books are not produced in that fashion. It is clear from the frequent brilliancy of his criticisms that Professor Murray might in time have written a history of Greek literature which would have been valued by scholars; it is possible that he might have achieved the more difficult task of writing one which would have been attractive to the general reader. As it is he has been beguiled by "a general editor" into publishing a hasty work which to those who know Greek is of little service, and to those who do not quite useless.

T. E. PAGE.

* "Ancient Greek Literature." By Professor G. Murray, pp. vii. 420. (London: W. Heinemann.) 1897. 6s.

DEAN FARRAR ON THE BIBLE.*

"In the following pages I wish to show," says Dean Farrar, "that the true attitude of Christians towards the

* "The Bible: its Meaning and Supremacy." By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Canterbury. 335 pages. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.) 1897.

Bible is not that which, by many antagonists of the Christian faith, it is assumed to be. It is no part of the Christian faith," he continues, "to maintain that every word of the Bible was dictated supernaturally, or is equally valuable, or free from all error, or on the loftiest levels of morality as finally revealed." Hence we may reject without scruple the Helvetic Confession drawn up in 1675, which asserted that "the Hebrew text, both as regards consonants and as regards vowels—whether the vowel points themselves, or, at least, the significance of the vowels—is divinely inspired." We need not hold with Quenstedt, Carlovius, and the Wittenberg theologians of 1638, that "to speak of barbarisms and solecisms in the New Testament would be a blasphemy against the Holy Ghost." "And," says the Bishop of Amycla, "Catholics are under no sort of obligation to believe that inspiration extends to the words of Holy Scripture as well as to the subject-matter which is therein contained." Professor Sanday advances a farther step; of the Bible he tells us we are forced to see that "its text is not infallible; its grammar is not infallible; its science is not infallible; and there is a grave question whether its history is altogether infallible." The Dean takes him up and decides that "inspiration does not exclude fallibility in non-essentials." Therefore he would have done with mechanical theories of dictation, with slavish adherence to isolated texts, with the false and superstitious belief in an equivalence of any part of the Bible with any other part, and in the "rigid identification of all Scripture with the word of God." We must look upon this great library of sacred books as a whole, perceive in them a gradual or progressive Revelation, judge their morality, their doctrine, and their scope according to the principles which Christ has bequeathed to us, and never dream of calling the Bible a "religion"—since no written treatise can be such—or of substituting, as men have too often done, the "heaped-up masses of Church tradition and the manifold perplexities of a fragmentary ancient literature," for the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit in our souls.

If these canons be admitted, the "higher" as well as the "lower" criticism may do essential service by clearing up the text, authorship, age, and character of documents in themselves most venerable and strikingly misunderstood. There is an end to "the fallacious extension of allegory"; "to the Rabbinic, the Kabbalistic, the Mystic, the Inferential, the Scholastic system of exegesis"; and we must now enquire what the Prophets and Psalmists really meant to say, not read into them our gratuitous notions, founded upon ignorance of their habits of life and methods of teaching. Especially ought we to bear in mind that "the Bible is not homogeneous in its morality." No, much it contains of incomplete which is completed, nay corrected, when we arrive at the New Testament. But all this cannot do away with the saving truth that in Scripture is contained the message, the record, and the witness of pure Christianity.

Thus, in brief, Dean Farrar, with copious rhetoric; citations from good and bad alike; earnest pleading for the power which is manifest in the Bible read as it demands to be read; a singular want of kindness whenever he comes to speak of the Roman Church; various and even grotesque errors concerning that large body of Christians; and perhaps not sufficient indulgence for those many believers who, when they held by plenary inspiration and supernatural dictation, thought they were obeying their appointed guides. It still remains to be asked, on the Dean's principles, how we are to know when we have seized the true and final meaning of Scripture, and what is the test, at once adequate and sufficient, of its interpretation? Nevertheless, a double stroke is here aimed at Bible-idolaters and Bible-haters, which cannot altogether fail of its effect.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE FIRST CROSSING OF SPITSBERGEN.*

This is a record of a journey that fulfilled its aim and something more. The main object of the explorers was to cross Spitsbergen and reveal the character of the interior, which was practically unknown. The island had never been crossed, though it had been described—most inaccurately, of course. The coast, which is familiar enough, was to be left alone. They carried out their plan, crossing from Advent Bay to Klok and Sassen Bays, from Sassen to Agardh Bay, on the east coast, and back to Advent Bay. They surveyed nearly six hundred miles in the middle of the country, and some other strips of hilly land. They made thirteen mountain ascents; and the coast was not let alone, almost all the great fjords being entered in the "most complete voyage of reconnaissance ever accomplished in a single season." The scientific results are not yet recorded in detail. There is no question as to the geographical value of the journey. The plan of the mountain system of Spitsbergen, of its valleys, its rivers, and its glaciers, is now known, and all previous knowledge built on guess-work overturned. Succeeding travellers can only amplify, profiting by the experiments, mistakes, and experience of this expedition.

But we have been with Sir William Conway on more interesting enterprises. The island was under fog for most of the time of their visit, the summer of 1896, and some of the fog has got into the book. The ploughing through bogs and mud, the continuous, monotonous hardships, without the excitements that strike the imagination of a reader, make a rather dreary story—speaking as mere readers; and then most of us are men before we are geographers. Now and again we are made to feel a thrill and some understanding of the wonderful Arctic skies, which explorers who have had their pick of the effects of the world, say are equalled nowhere e'se. But, on the whole, the actual information is the most entertaining thing presented to us—a sad thing to say of a book of travels. The pictures—we do not mean the coloured plates—are for the most part depressing, not at all enticing to the possible tourists that Sir William, in the interest of exploration and science, hopes will be drawn every summer to Spitsbergen by the Vesteraalen Steamship Company—general director, Captain Sverdrup. To sum up, this is an important and a dull book. But if it had been the most entertaining one imaginable, the publishers could not have done better for all its externals.

* 'The First Crossing of Spitsbergen." By Sir W. M. Conway, F.R.G.S. With Contributions by J. W. Gregory, D.Sc., A. Trevor Battye, and E. J. Garwood. Illustrated. (Dent.)

THE CONFESSIONS OF A COLLECTOR.*

Why is it that Mr. Hazlitt fails to enlist our sympathies? How is it that his self-assertions and self-justifications arouse in others a conviction that his detractors have not been altogether in the wrong? Is it that Mr. Hazlitt is not able to state his case with judicial simplicity? Or is it that he lacks the saving sense of humour? We fear that we must lay on him the negative qualities which both these alternatives imply. And yet here is a book brightly written, crammed full of interesting information, detailing a series of experiences which come to but few men. More than half of it, dealing as it does with rare books, is certain to be read by book lovers and book collectors with keen appreciation. His relations with Mr. Huth, Mr. Ellis the bookseller, Mr. Quaritch, and the "knowing ones" of the auction-room and "the trade," have a side to them which, apart from the objectionable personal one Mr. Hazlitt always emphasizes, have an educating value.

We confess to a feeling of envy in reading of the many bargains Mr. Hazlitt made, and of the many occasions on which he was able to profit by an experience and knowledge which included more than was in the ken of the great rulers of the "book mart." Mr. Jeffreys, of Bristol, sold him a copy of Caxton's "Golden Legend" for £85, which Mr. B. M. Pickering took away for £150. From Mr. John Pearson he bought two folio volumes of "old newspapers" for twelve guineas, a portion of which he retailed to Mr. Miller for £42, and the residue, "a collection of penny *Garlands*, went to the British Museum." A manuscript bought by Mr. Ellis at the Corser sale for £70, was "sold by him to me for £105, and by me to Cosens for £157 10s., fell to me at £24. It has found its probably final resting-place in the Bodleian." "But the most signal acquisition on

* "The Confessions of a Collector." By W. Carew Hazlitt. (Ward and Downey.)

my part was the series of the Somers Tracts in thirty folio volumes . . . I forget what I left with the auctioneers; but the price at which the hammer fell was £61. A single item was worth double that sum; and there were hundreds and hundreds."

Is not this a sufficient excuse for our envy? What book collector *could* read this without dissolving in tears? Happy Mr. Hazlitt! And yet—and yet—why all these pages of triumphant complacency? We have a faint suspicion that now Mr. Hazlitt is revenging himself on those "professional gentlemen" who scorned and gibed at the "amateur."

We can pardon Mr. Hazlitt's fairly numerous references to his many literary achievements, even though they have nothing to do with "collecting"; but his jaundiced criticisms of Mr. Locker's "Confidences," Mr. Locker's Rowfant Library, and Mr. Daniel's books are not in the finest taste. It seems, also, now almost impossible for Mr. Hazlitt to write at all without a gingerly sniff at Canon Ainger. These are blemishes which somewhat mar what is, otherwise, a very readable narrative of "booky" and other experiences. Did he but allow himself to bask, for a while, in the sunny light of humour, we are convinced that Mr. Hazlitt would yet achieve distinction. TEMPLE SCOTT.

DR. CONAN DOYLE'S NEW STORY.*

"This novel has been re-written and lengthened by one-third since its appearance in serial form," we learn from a prefatory note. The lengthening has not sufficed to make it a very full book. Perhaps there is enough in it to please the fancy of boys and girls, and flatter them into thinking they are reading history, though that they can approve of the dull, monotonous progress of the *jeune premier*, Louis de Laval, from favour to favour, with only one night of hardship and danger paid in advance, we can hardly credit. Louis's smug career is of no use at all. Uncle Bernac, Imperial *agent provocateur*, has the stuff of a fine villain in him; but he makes a very poor show here. If he had persecuted his nephew something of interest might have happened; but Louis's favour with the Emperor stops that chance. Lieutenant Gérard we are glad to get a glimpse of in his young days, but he is a very minor personage, only allowed to utter a few amusing *gasconneries*. Eugenie de Choiseul is but a name. Sibylle is another name attached to a female figure cut in paper, who in the flesh must have been a person of great pluck and character. There remains Napoleon. Without a doubt Dr. Conan Doyle has read a good deal of the recently published Napoleonic memoirs. He has learnt the great man's little tricks, and formed a fairly comprehensive view of his character and the effect he produced on his surroundings. These pickings he reproduces literally, and, we think, even a little lazily. The scenes between the Emperor and his suite, and between him and Josephine, are very frugal; got up quite cheaply, but also, we hasten to add, with an honest preference for simplicity, and no pretentiousness at all. In a play that could depend largely on staging and fine uniforms, they would probably be effective. But the absence of subtlety is no virtue in a novel, and the boyishly direct methods of presenting each character with some blatantly characteristic utterance in his mouth, or in a position which has suggested an anecdote and become a by-word, is probably below the requirements of Dr. Doyle's audience. It is the method of the waxwork. He has risen far above it in dealing with matter with which he is really at home. He even rose above it in that other "Memory of the Empire," "Brigadier Gérard." This new story is on the level of the court scenes in "The Refugees."

THE MEMOIRS OF BARON THIÉBAULT.†

Baron Thiébault's five long volumes are undeniably prolix. But they are good reading. His campaigns are not so lively as Marbot's, but he brings them well down to the comprehension of the civilian. The autobiographical element is always highly characteristic, and his scandalous stories sufficiently spiteful. If his frequent reflections seem lengthy, they are always either of real historical value, or else so peevish or fanatical as to surprise and entertain. Besides, the General, unlike most of his rivals, knew how to write and to describe. Springing from a literary family, born and brought up at Berlin by his father, one of the more or less distinguished Frenchmen who shared Frederick's oppressive patronage, he became more and more a curious (and in those days rare) compromise between the professor and the warrior, in fact an early specimen of the literary and scientific soldiery of modern Germany and her imitators. His contempt for the gross ignorance of the half-educated generals and politicians who climbed over his head, he takes no pains to conceal, and the effect of his baffled ambitions and repeated disappointments was to confirm his literary vocation. As a historian, or even memoir writer, he will not stand high—his prejudices and discursiveness forbid that—but his monumental work is nevertheless valuable, in some respects indeed invaluable. And that chiefly owing to the minuteness and wealth of detail with which he labours certain minor, but obscure and important episodes on which he possessed personal and special information.

So much cannot be said of the present abridged translation. It cannot, and does not pretend to any historical value. In reducing the bulk of the work to about one third, Mr. Butler has been compelled to omit much interesting detail. The task of selection was a peculiarly difficult one, to which he is not always quite equal. For instance, the twelve pages (vol. v., pp. 27-39) which Thiébault devotes to his excessively important and minute revelations as to the secret history of Count Bentinck's trial—one of the worst infamies of the Empire—are reduced to the half a dozen lines which can be found in any short history. On the other hand, he retains a good deal that is quite trivial, especially in his first chapter, which is mainly a few disjointed nursery chronicles. Neither there nor in the Preface is the popular reader told anything to the purpose as to the position, profession, or previous career of the author's father—a man about whom Mr. Butler could have easily found out enough to make the earlier chapters more intelligible. In fact, from this unsatisfactory Preface, written in a somewhat off-hand, flippant manner, we should infer that he has grasped imperfectly the character of the author and of his work. Thus he attributes the Baron's failure in life mainly to "want of self-control leading to acts of insubordination." But compared to some of his successful rivals poor Thiébault was an angel of patience and docility. The fact is that he was profoundly distrusted. He was a born trimmer, but with odd little revolts of consistency always at the wrong time. Bigger men were more flagrant turncoats and intriguers than he, but they were more impudent and hardened. Thiébault was always hesitating, sitting too long on the fence, and whenever he did take the plunge, it was always ridiculously, comically too late. So he was always being found out. And instead of obliterating the traces of these *faux pas*, which in the general Saturnalia would have been soon forgotten, he made them a grievance and published too openly what he regarded as his bad luck. In fact he seems to have been an honest fellow, who finding that simple merit did not succeed fast enough, tried to do as others did, and failed egregiously whenever he essayed a bit of knavery. Napoleon and his ministers regarded him as a most useful and conscientious subordinate in his proper sphere, but were too wise to admit him into the inner circle. They would never trust him or allow him to co-operate in their schemes. Further, it is probable that they had observed in certain episodes, which he of course suppresses or explains away, marks of that obstinate, wrong-headed, prejudiced, almost insane attitude of mind which often peeps out in his writing. How could such an oddity be trusted? Need we ask why he was not a Marshal, when we find him, an educated scientific soldier, a keen observer of contemporary events, solemnly stating (and no doubt ending by believing) that the diabolical English, instigated by the Machiavellian Pitt, not content with flooding France with false coin, forged *assignats*, Greek fire, hired assassins and poisoners, positively sent adrift from their ports a fleet of empty ships, to be wafted by the wind against the French coasts and shipping, and that on the deck of each was an inhuman, unchristian, wholly infernal destruc-

* "Uncle Bernac. A Memory of the Empire." By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

† "The Memoirs of Baron Thiébault." Translated and condensed by A. J. Butler, In Two Volumes. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

tive agent—no, not gunpowder, nor even Greek fire—you will never guess—positively nothing more nor less Satanic than "*burning arsenic*"? The poor Baron has no sense of humour, or he would dread lest English historians should retort by recording how Boney had forced the fashionable visitors to evacuate Brighthelmstone and Margate by running aground among the bathing machines certain ships laden with infernal machines, charged with the deadliest of ancient Marseilles and Havre smells. Further, what responsible political or diplomatic post could be safely entrusted to a man who had persuaded himself into the monomaniac belief, that the *fact* of Louis XVIII. granting a pension to a sister of Robespierre "*proves*" that the Incorruptible was an aristocrat, and from first to last the mere paid agent of the Bourbons, and that the whole Reign of Terror was planned by Louis and directed day by day from Coblentz by means of his secret couriers? These are but two samples—granted they are the worst—of the nonsense to which Thiébault descends in his frenzied spite and hatred. Surely as general or statesman such a man must have been a trifle impossible.

But after all Mr. Butler's abridgment pretends to be nothing more than a popular work in a convenient, manageable form, and as such it is highly acceptable. Much of it will be found entertaining, especially in the first volume. The second, however, which commences in 1799, is less racy, the translator having retained little of the original beyond what bears upon the Peninsular War and the public career of Napoleon. To any one who remembers the fifth and last volume of the original, which appeared just a year ago, the fifty pages which here represent it will seem but a pallid ghost. Those who like reading about campaigns will, however, read their fill with satisfaction, and those who do not might waste their time worse in other ways. Mr. Butler's performance is on the whole satisfactory, though here and there he has rather missed the author's sense, and sometimes his sentences are obscure, and his phrases slangy. There is an index, but no table of contents or headings to the chapters, nor any dates whatever save inextricably embedded in the text, so that the unlearned reader is quite in the dark as to the year. This is deplorable. Perhaps we should add that if the narrative seems in places strangely disjointed and obscure, that is not wholly Mr. Butler's fault. The original autobiography is equally so; the Baron always seems to be addressing himself to an audience who already knew a good deal about him. Y. Y.

GODS AND THEIR MAKERS.*

Reading this, we hit on a fine instance of the injustice and stupidity of classification. The injustice and stupidity were ours. After roughly fitting the book into two or three pigeon-holes with fine-sounding names of distinction, we found that in each of these it looked awkward and faulty. But when logic bade us call it so, we rebelled. For the book was unmistakably a very good book, an extraordinarily good one, however puzzling might be its anthropology, and however often its symbolism might break down under our inquiring tread. As a concession to that serious spirit in which we set about the understanding of a book with so lofty a title, we must say that the thing, weighted by its fitful purposes, does walk lamely here and there, or the eyes of our understanding waver in looking at its course—and that must be Mr. Housman's fault; for more eagerly watchful spectators his work could not have had. We have no glimmering, for instance, of the signification of Glu-glu, that most objectionable and disgusting little fetish; or of the meaning of much that took place on the island over-peopled by gods. And the priest's part in the business is hard to understand. Why such resentment at the destruction of so very unorthodox a deity as was Katchywallah? Mr. Housman may laugh at the denseness of outsiders; but seeing he has to write for these he should write more simply, and if he has a purpose then it had better be a clearer one. Still, here we are owning that ours is the stupidity. But once, at least, we have found him tripping, and that is when he makes Peeti, the typical, primitive youth of the world, exclaim as might some very modern moralist, "Our gods are but the evil that is in us. We die and they take our life; as it goes from us, so it comes to them." We have gone beyond our gods; it is a great thought. But Daz should have lived to utter it. Peeti, the warrior, the lover, would never have found it out. Not the Peeti we watched and followed through all the earlier chapters. In the symbolism now and again there is a muddle; and in this instance, for the sake of the thought, a flaw in the art.

But fling aside the thought of art and philosophy and symbols, and there remains—the most unexpected thing in the world to keep company with these—a story of child-life, brave and fragrant and exquisite. Peeti and Aystah are as alive in body and spirit as any children that shout and scheme and dream in the living world to-day. With their young savage strength and freshness, their audacity and their devotion, the boy's fearless ingenuity, the girl's quick loyalty, they take lasting hold of our hearts. Savages they are, but they are of to-day too. At least, yesterday's generation must laugh aloud as at a personal recollection when they read of Aystah's forced tribute of teeth to the great god Katchywallah, ordered by the god's high priest, Peeti, her true comrade and her sovereign tyrant. The tenderness and the humour are so genuine and so strong that they have kept at a far distance anything approaching sentimentality, the bane of books that would reveal the minds of children. So we confess—is Mr. Housman disappointed?—that, after much puzzling and some dissatisfaction at ourselves and at him, we gave up thinking of his book as a serious one. And having done so, we crowned it with heartiest liking for its rare charm and its rarer originality. This for its prose. The snatches of songs as chapter-headings show the author's versatility and vigour as poet to be greater than we had ever guessed.

A. M.

* "Gods and Their Makers." By Laurence Housman. (Lane.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE THIRD VIOLET. By Stephen Crane. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is an idyll, and it is written for the most part in slang, and in the elliptical and vituperative language in vogue to-day amongst young persons on the best of terms with one another. Yet it is an idyll, and a very pretty one. The third violet is a shyly insistent token of love from a girl, who is an heiress, to a young painter—poor, humbly born, hopeless of winning her, yet not meek enough to accept rejection gracefully. His manner of wooing, if wooing it can be called, is ferocious, though he is evidently a well-disposed young fellow. We like him, and follow the troubles of his heart, and watch the wounds to his pride with sympathy to the end; though when Miss Fanhall made such generous opportunities for him, we could shake him for his ungraciousness. But then Mr. Crane presents us to his home and his art circle, neither of them schools of fine manners exactly, though both honest and friendly, and each in their way much to our liking. By the bye, there is a Trilby in the tale—this time Florinda, with fine arms instead of feet; and there are a troop of Trilby—that is, Florinda—admirers. But we foretell no boom for "The Third Violet" on their account, though they are as living as their notorious predecessors—a good deal more so, in fact. The staging is not so well adapted to popular taste; there is no mesmeric villain in the piece; and for tragedy, Florinda only goes back to her high and lonely flat with a very sore heart. In "The Red Badge of Courage" and "Maggie" there is an intenser force; but in this slighter effort we feel the same directness, the same true reading of the workings of the mind, the same contempt for conventions and clap-trap sentiment.

THE JESSAMY BRIDE. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson)

A novel in praise of the most lovable of men of letters, not even excepting Charles Lamb, must be welcome, though in it the romance of Goldsmith's life may be made a little too much of for strict truth. Says Forster in his life, speaking of Mary Horneck, the "Jessamy Bride," "She exerted strange fascination over Goldsmith. Heaven knows what impossible dreams may at times have visited the awkward,

unattractive man of letters! And here perhaps it will be right to observe, since the foregoing hint, thrown out in my first edition, may have led to the error, that its suggestion has been much too freely expanded into an ascertained fact by a very agreeable writer, Mr. Washington Irving, who has proceeded to instal the 'Jessamy Bride' in all the honours of a complete conquest of Goldsmith." Mr. Moore makes more emphatic use of the suggestion than did Irving; and well, if it isn't quite true, it makes a very pathetic and sympathetic story—though we must say that the scenes descriptive of the poet's intercourse with the members of the famous Johnson coterie are far stronger and vivider than those which tell of his elder-brotherly, self-sacrificing affection for Mary Horneck. Mr. Moore has the history of the time and of the special circle at his finger-ends. He has lived in its atmosphere, and his transcripts are full of vivacity. Johnson, Garrick, Reynolds, and the rest, cannot be said, in the conventional phrase, to live again in these pages, for the truth is they have never died. But they are neither mummies nor dummies. Writing the book has been an opportunity for Mr. Moore to pay off some old grudges; and, for ourselves, we pick no quarrel with his selection of victims. Mr. Leach should vindicate Boswell; and as for Johnson, he has so many friends; his memory must sometimes pay for the insolence that was too meekly borne in his bullying presence; and then the blows here are not malevolent. "The Jessamy Bride" is a very good story, and Mr. Moore has never written anything so chivalrous to man or woman before.

A PINCHBECK GODDESS. By Mrs. J. M. Fleming (A. M. Kipling). 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

It has happened sometimes that a book has been a masterpiece in defiance of an improbable plot. But then the writer succeeded in dazzling us so that the improbability never disturbed us till we had shut the book. Here it flaps itself in our face all the time. That a dowdy, unsociable, unattractive young woman, who is snubbed by the gay world, should reappear as a bright butterfly, a cruel coquette, an audacious sensation-maker, to revenge herself on the very society that had flouted or neglected her, is beyond believing. If the talents of her second impersonation had been in her they would have uttered themselves somehow in her first stage. However, we are asked to believe the contrary in a book which has some commonplace smartness in it, and nothing much better. Anglo-Indians have been presented in fiction in many guises, as worldly cynics and as saints. Here they are only dull, when they are conceivable as human beings at all, which Winnie—taking her history as Mrs. Fleming gives it—is not.

A MAN OF HONOUR. By H. C. Irwin. (A. and C. Black.)

This is a story of India in the days of John Company, and it culminates in the death of the hero, Jim Purefoy, a young Irishman, who is shot in the Mutiny. Purefoy has a cousin called Margaret Beresford, with whom he falls in love, and when she refuses him and marries instead one Walter Mowbray, he goes out to India and becomes a mighty fighting man. The married couple also go out to India, where Margaret finds too late that she loves Jim and not her husband. Walter, however, is conveniently killed at the retaking of Delhi, but Jim—and this is the extraordinary part of the book—refuses to take advantage of Margaret's freedom, and is killed shortly after. It is almost impossible to say a good word for this book, for the characterisation is sketchy, and the dialogue and description insipid and dull. In all the four hundred pages there is only one good thing. An old Ulster steward, only twice mentioned in the book, who is a "bitter Presbyterian," is pensioned off, and sent away from his work because he is constantly becoming embroiled with the Roman Catholic labourers under his control. As he departs, he remarks: "Plase God, I'll have a day's fowling among the Papishes yet!"

RIPPLE AND FLOOD. By James Prior. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Now and again among the novels of to-day there appears one that proves the spirit of Dickens to be alive still and active. Such was Mr. Gallon's "Tatterly," and such is Mr. Prior's "Ripple and Flood." We do not mean these are conscious imitations of the great novelist, but their writers see life in much the same way and in much the same temper. Mr. Prior, however, is a man of his own generation too; and in his exceedingly interesting and able story there is nothing out of date. It contains a masterly portrait of a girl, a waif of freest manner and tongue, a young tatterdemalion vagrant, yet reserved, nevertheless, for a career of religion. It was the clever and the right thing for Mr. Prior—since for the purposes of his story she had to become respectable—to utilise her ready wit, her direct and vigorous habit of speech, for preaching, for moving masses as she had moved and teased her schoolmates years ago, the wildest and the raggedest of them all. Side by side with her story we have that of her early friend "Sailor," who makes his way to reputation as a painter, a well-drawn but not particularly interesting figure, save for his appearance in a pathetic family drama. The childhood scenes which describe the lonely boy growing up in the strange household, where the silent, shrinking serving-man is, unbeknown to him, his own father, and extending, for all his strongly respectable instincts, the hand of friendship to the graceless, friendless tatterdemalion, make the best portion of the book. Indeed, for the genuine humour and the vivacity of these, Mr. Prior's novel deserves most emphatic praise.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE PARISH. By John Quine. 6s. (Heinemann.)

We have here samples out of a rich vein. If this be Mr. Quine's first novel, it is very mature. "The Captain of the Parish," a Manx story of the earlier half of the century, is written in a calm, leisurely, painstaking way. You are not hurried from point to point, and you are expected to have ample time to consider the abundant detail so carefully introduced, and indeed so necessary for a right and delicate understanding of the tale. The minor characters are excellent. Mr. Quine holds the balance nicely between sharp, quaint characterisation and caricature, and treating of the difficult matters of sectarian differences and religious excitement and humbug, his shrewdness, tempered by good humour, is never offensive. In the "Dipper" incidents and the story of Enos Milvartin we find ourselves back in the atmosphere of Mr. Frederic's "Illumination," though Enos is far more of the full-blown and the conventional villain than is Theron Ware; his degeneration has taken place before he joins the island revival for commercial purposes or attempts the murder of his rival. But outside the melodramatic scenes, he is a most real and a very subtly imagined person. His cleverness is cleverly suggested; we do not wonder that his flash elegance took in at first the principals of the story; for they were simple—indeed, we think, a good deal simpler than Mr. Quine owns them to have been. Here we come to what sounds a grave criticism, which is, that, while the secondary personages, Arrosey, the "big man," Mrs. Molvurra, a good second to Mrs. Day in "Under the Greenwood Tree," Wade, Curlat, and the others, are excellent, the chief characters, all three of them, are very unsatisfactory, though their ways of life are admirably described. The hero, John Molroy, is uncharming, and not the more interesting for his inability to know his own mind. From the beginning of the story to the end he does not know, and we do not know, and, we are sure, Mr. Quine has no clearer knowledge, which of the two girls he is in love with. He flirts with one, and thus lets the other engage herself to Enos; then repents, and tries to regain Ellen; this failing, he falls back very graciously on Lizzie. But learning Ellen's misfortunes in America he hastens to her, and brings her back to the Island, whereupon Lizzie tells him he is not in love with her, and after some polite denials, he takes her advice and marries Ellen. You hear of terrible struggles going on within him, and these are powerfully described; but as to what they are about exactly you are left in the dark. Lizzie is a still more unsatisfactory person. She is a great beauty, and there are hints of her having indescribable charm and vivacity, and of her capacity for passion. As a fact, all you know definitely about her is that she loves fine clothes, has a straightforward habit of speech, is a loyal friend, and that way of falling comfortably on her feet, which bespeaks unusual worldly talents. Mr. Quine never talks of her like this, but we must form our own opinions. She makes love quite openly and provokingly and in passionate words to

John through nine-tenths of the book, and after securing his father's consent and feathering her own nest so that she need have no more concern about poverty, tells John she loves him as a sister, and she will dance at his wedding with Ellen. Well, to reward this nobility, Mr. Quine feels he must produce another husband for her, which he does, a very eligible one, too. And so John and she dance at each other's weddings. Now we think she ought to have been left to enjoy the glory of her renunciation and thus have retained a little of our sympathy. Her passion was the thing that made us condone her "coming on" manners, and lo, it disappears. Ellen is hardly more definite. In face of the other characters, we cannot say that the writer does not understand human nature. But these are failures, owing perhaps to his attempt to glorify and complicate what was very simple and rather commonplace, and to deny individual asperities which, particularly in Lizzie's case, we feel must have existed. "The Captain of the Parish" might have been a first-rate book. The treatment of the story at the end, and his want of grasp over the chief actors, reduces it to the second rank, but it should have a very honourable place there.

ROGUES OF THE FIERY CROSS. A Fighting Tale of Fighting Days. By S. Walkley. Illustrated. (Cassell.)

Even a greedy boy will own Mr. Walkley has treated him handsomely in the way of adventures. There is not a moment of peace in the story from first to last, and there is every kind of villain. There is piracy; there is treasure-hunting; there is mutiny; there is a finding of long-lost relatives; there is treachery of all the complexions, and there is heroism too; there is a Mystic Isle; there are Jacobite rebels—but what is there not? We get up a little tired from the banquet, but then we are not so young as we once were. Let the boys take our places with full confidence. The "In the King's name, ye Young Roysterer" style is kept up with consistent vigour from the opening Christmas Eve chapter to the last page, when the still fresh hero bounds along to lend his sword to Prince Charlie.

DEAR FAUSTINA. By Rhoda Broughton. 6s. (Bentley.)

Other times, other manners, guises and conversation. Miss Broughton gives us in her very clever novel, "Dear Faustina," the adventuress up to date. She is not so bewitching as in the days of Becky Sharp; but what she lacks in charm she makes up for in energy. With her quick intelligence she knows this is not the day of individual power, but of associated effort; and her greatest harvest is reaped not in the exploitation of persons but of causes—persons, of course, are convenient tools, to be used with skill and flung aside when done with. To Althea Faustina is apostle and saint, for whom she is called to give up kith and kin and comfort. Following her into the wilderness, that is, the slums and the working-places of the world, she finds her sainthood the worse for wear, her apostleship a sham; while from the disciple, in the name of a cause, are expected dishonour and vulgarity. Miss Broughton resists the temptation of sending Althea permanently back to domesticity when her disillusionment takes place. She makes her satire effective by keeping it within bounds, and saving a few public-spirited persons and the general philanthropic idea from its lash. Miss Broughton's humour plays round and tests all, but only the humbugs are mercilessly flayed.

A POT OF HONEY. By Susan Christian. (Unwin.)

If someone tells us this is a clever and wonderful book, we shall believe it. We have been trying to feel it all the time ourselves, for it is very well written, far from commonplace; its tone is refined and in some passages distinguished. But the only impression left on us in the end is that of a murmur by a pleasant voice. The personages are not conventional, and they are described by definite epithets, and they conduct themselves in what should be memorable ways. But we never know them; we even mix them up; and what in their history suggests the title we have not the faintest idea. There is excellent stuff wasted in this book, we are willing to believe; the writer only wants to be urged to "speak up."

CRAIGTREES. By Watson Dyke. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is a novel of rustic life far above the average in merit. Its seems to owe its temper and its character to no other novel. There are very good books that cannot be called striking, and this is one of them. There is no very strong taste about it, but what it has is its own. The action of the story is, we think, too slow; an instinct of good taste, which has often guided the writer well, has also too much prevented any high lights. The result is never dulness, but a limitation of the book's audience to habitually attentive persons. A story of Yorkshire rustic life, it gives the impression of truth without the roughness which in rustic tales nowadays is too frequently presented as the same thing. The best piece of work in "Craigtrees" is the portrait of old Jos Hammel; but the old scamp has made Mr. Dyke, by long living with him, into a cynic too. Is there not something of cynicism in the calm way in which the thieves go scot-free? Or does it merely arise from a commonplace desire that the story should end pleasantly for Rob and Betsey and the reader?

YOUNG CLANROY. By Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

"The Dean," in the character of a Highland gentleman who was out in the "45," narrates a simple and straightforward tale of love and adventure. There is little that is novel either in the love or in the adventure; yet the story is redeemed from the commonplace by an unusual freshness and frankness in the telling of it. The narrator seems to enjoy his tale, and there is an air of sincerity and reality marred only by a somewhat lavish and unnecessary use of the supernatural. Possibly the idea of the "Riochd Laimde"—the supernatural hand that guarded the chief of the Clan Clanroy—is based on some Highland legend; but when the Riochd Laimde intervenes twice as "Deus ex machina," the illusion of reality is destroyed, and we remember at once that we are in the land of fiction. True, the supernatural does play a large part in the imagination of the Celt, but it does not usually go quite the length of slaying his enemies, or of imprudently blowing compromising papers out at his window. The Black Priest, too, who, by mere force of will, can compel young Clanroy to return to him, is somewhat out of place in a realistic story. The leading characters in the book—Dorothy, the heroine; Clanroy, the hero; Jamie, the natural; Mainwaring, the chivalrous colonel—are strongly drawn, and altogether, if the author has not conceived a very original and striking tale, he has at least succeeded in his avowed object, and has written an interesting and healthy adventure-story.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN. By G. W. T. Omond. Famous Scots. (Oliphant.)

We all know one of Fletcher's sayings, and it leads on the ignorant to suppose him a merry, enthusiastic fellow, or one often visited by the softer moods. Mr. Omond comes to disperse that view. Enthusiast and idealist Fletcher was; but fate and his times made him spend his emotions on Acts of Parliament, not on song books. His is a strange and a pathetic story, though the pathos has to be got at through a hard, gritty surface. A man of powerful intellect, of invincible integrity, of rare strength of conviction, he had better have lived at any other time, or perhaps in any other country. As it was, his courage, his talents, his enthusiasm were all spent in a useless battering at the Scottish Union. He was in the wrong place; a man like him always is in active life; a dreamer with a reverence for logic, too, doubly in the wrong place. Yet politics—the right government of the social state, fascinated him, and to these he devoted all his intellect and the fruits of his wide studies. The fascination was too personal a thing, too much a matter of conscience, to let him merely sit in his library and write fine sentiments. He was a born fighter for ideas, and he descended into the arena, and was the stoutest fighter of them all against the measure that he said would wreck the independence and the individuality of his country. His enthusiasm was of the hard, gritty intellectual order that faced definite issues and wrestled with facts, but refused to give way, to compromise, to evade, as practical minds are accustomed to do. It had nothing

sentimental about it,—witness his bold proposal to root mendicancy out of Scotland by a measure of domestic slavery. Everything he put his hand to failed, we seem to read in his life; and he remains only as an example of integrity in public life, his works as a model to the political writer. To his contemporaries he was mostly a faddist, and succeeding generations who have known anything of him beyond the oft-quoted, and not very characteristic saying, think of him as a dry person, not of the kind to touch the imagination. A few have perceived the difficult attraction of his great, clear character, the tragedy of the thinker out of place, who yet shirked none of the labours of the practical man. We see glimmerings of this sympathy in Mr. Omond's admirably businesslike narrative. For carefully arranged and selected information his monograph stands first in this popular series. There is something of Fletcher's influence in the conciseness of its style, in the sense of proportion it manifests. And we owe the writer much for the justice he has done to the memory of one of the noblest of Lowland Scots.

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC. An Anthology. Prepared by Charles Sayle. (Stock.)

From the Bible, from Confucius and the Ancient Greeks, right down to our own day, Mr. Sayle has picked his passages in praise of music. He has picked not only widely, but with most curious and interesting results, and in the earlier part there are few passages one wants omitted. Not so later, where Mr. Sayle has sacrificed aptness and beauty, and let in quite commonplace or trivial effusions, with hardly even a famous name to cover them with respectability. A few of the passages seem to have been culled from very minor journalism. It is not therefore a perfect anthology, but it is a full one, where the lover of music will find his beloved art sung and discoursed of in many tongues and moods.

IN COURT AND KAMPONG. By Hugh Clifford. (Grant Richards.)

During a long residence in the Malay Peninsula, Mr. Clifford has gained an unusual knowledge of the inhabitants, their virtues, vices, and capacities, as well as their folk-lore. He has woven his knowledge for the most part into stories, all more or less founded on fact; and in the kind of fiction and travel impressions which Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. Carleton Dawe, Mr. Conrad, and other wanderers have made popular, his book must take a creditable place. Regarded from a purely literary point of view, it has neither the force nor the charm of Mr. Swettenham's "Malay Sketches" published a year or so ago by Mr. Lane. But Mr. Clifford can tell a good story effectively, and then he has so many good stories, full of picturesqueness and marvel for stay-at-home folks. It is among the as yet uncivilised, and therefore unregenerate natives, he has culled his matter for the most part, and of these he speaks with unusual understanding of their points of view; for the strange charm of the wild in man and nature has possessed him, and, even writing from a British Residency, he cannot speak of the people in the language and temper of a mere governor.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS. By Will Rothenstein. Part I. 2s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

We wish all good luck to this series. Mr. Rothenstein is an admirable draughtsman, with a special talent for catching the real meaning of a face. The publisher is sending out the series of his lithographic drawings with every possible advantage in the way of paper and printing, of good taste and care. In this first part we are given Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. Thomas Hardy, both interesting, though Mr. Hardy looks a little too much in the attitude of awaiting the attacks of silly critics. The letter-press has the air of meaning to be epigrammatic. But whether it fails or not in this respect is quite unimportant.

THE INVISIBLE PLAYMATE and W. V. HER BOOK. By William Canton. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. 3s. 6d. (Isbister)

These books have been treated separately in our pages, one of them at some length. But we must give them a welcome on their appearing for the first time in each other's company. Mr. Canton must be known to all child-lovers, surely, for his tender insight into children's hearts and imaginations, for his humour, for his observation which is so gentle, and his fun, which is so wise. His lore and his songs are not of the elfish or the precocious sprite, but of the healthy, happy child, strong in imagination and in trust, and therefore in individuality.

LAST DAYS OF KNICKERBOCKER LIFE in New York. By A. C. Dayton. Illustrated edition. (Putnams.)

New Yorkers already know this book; but they will welcome it anew in an illustrated edition. The epoch it describes is sacred to them, since it covered the decline and fall of the condition of things from which emerged their aristocracy. To us it is not a very attractive picture. Knickerbocker families seem to have been a trifle dowdy as well as severely rigid; but looked at from this safe distance we can read with interest of ways of life so quaintly apart from ours. Mr. Dayton's is a livelier book, however, than his subject suggests, and his descriptions of theatrical doings in the first half of the century, and of the frolics and amusements by means of which the high spirits of Knickerbocker youth found an outlet, are very good reading, as well as valuable to the student of the drama and of manners.

THE ENGLISH STAGE. Being an Account of the Victorian Drama. By Augustin Filon. Translated by F. White. With Introduction by Henry Arthur Jones. (Milne.)

THE THEATRICAL WORLD OF 1896. By William Archer. 3s. 6d. (W. Scott.)

The yearly reprint of the criticisms which Mr. Archer contributes to the *World* and other newspapers is now looked forward to with interest by all such as are seriously interested in the drama. The future historian of the English stage will owe him a large debt, both for the collected criticisms and the detailed information about dates and castes of plays. Indeed, M. Filon has already acknowledged how much he has profited by the volumes already published. The latest one has the additional interest of Mr. Archer's introduction dealing with "The Need for an Endowed Theatre." It is an old theme of Mr. Archer's, and one that is commonly put aside by Englishmen with a shrug as unpractical. The time is past for that shrug. Mr. Archer's thesis that "the modern English drama has outgrown the great public, and must, on pain of dwindling away for lack of sustenance, find a medium through which it can appeal to a lesser, but still very considerable, public, which is ready and eager to respond to the appeal," is fully justified. It is not a vague essay, but the sketch of a very detailed plan, and there is nothing unpractical in it from beginning to end. The only uncertain thing about it is the date of the appearance of the rich men who will permanently subsidise the Repertory theatre or theatres till they become self-supporting.

As Mr. Jones says, it is really "benevolent" of M. Filon to own we have a stage at all. Not only does he own it, but he writes with interest and hope, and with no condescension, of how our drama has advanced and fallen away in the present reign, how it has died, and how out of its ashes something living has emerged. Mr. Jones, in his preface, takes on too much of a "misunderstood" air; but as a reformer no doubt he has suffered many things. The note of hope sounds less full in him; but he must feel there is a chance for serious drama in England, else he would not argue so vigorously with the critics of such attempts at serious drama as have been made. In the end all these writers have the same thing to say: we are probably on the eve of a new era in British playwriting; deal generously with the pioneers.

ANTE-NICENE CHRISTIAN LIBRARY. Additional volume containing early Christian works discovered since the completion of the Series, and Selections from the Commentaries of Origen. Edited by Allan Menzies, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. (T. and T. Clark.)

As its title indicates, this volume is supplementary to the translations of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, already published by Messrs. Clark. It includes some writings, such as the Vision of Paul and the Apocalypse of Sedrach, which have no claim to be considered Ante-Nicene; and it is difficult to see why the commentaries of Origen should find a place in a merely supplementary volume, or why they were not given in the original series. But the justification of the contents is the interest attaching to all the pieces, and not least to

the well-considered introductions which accompany them. The writings included are the Gospel and the Apocalypse of Peter, the Diatessaron of Tatian (from the Arabic version), the Epistles of Clement, the Testament of Abraham, the Acts of Xanthippe and Polyxena, the Apology of Aristides and others. It seems a pity that what remains of Origen's commentaries was not given in full. If the whole translation is as well done as some of the more difficult parts of Origen it is accurate. The volume although necessarily bulky is pleasant to handle, and very well printed; and in every respect it is a most desirable addition to the library of the theological or historical student.

WOMAN'S BIBLE, THE. Part I. 2s. 6d. (Oliff.)

This is a tremendously energetic undertaking, and, of course, the fresh vigour for it has come from over the Atlantic. Its "object is to revise those texts and chapters directly referring to women, and those also in which women are made prominent by exclusion." Common sense, not scholarship, has been the weapon of attack. Mrs. Cady Stanton, the editress, says she and her collaboratresses would have liked some scholarship, and they asked for it from "several distinguished women," but these were afraid that "their high reputation and scholarly attainments might be compromised by taking part in an enterprise that for a time may prove very unpopular." Statesmen have been attacked and argued with for their tyrannous ways, and have quoted Moses and St. Paul. Now Moses and St. Paul will have their turn. Against the enterprise nothing can be urged but the lack of a sense of humour. It is in no wise irreverent or offensive, and indeed our regard for it is won by the homely and domestic tone of its comment. Take, for example, that on Leviticus xxvi. 26: "Ten women shall bake your bread in one oven, and they shall deliver you your bread again by weight; and ye shall eat, and not be satisfied." "There could be no greater punishment in ordinary life than for ten women to bake in one oven. As every woman would necessarily look at her pies and cakes two or three times, that would involve a frequent looking in, which might make the contents heavy as lead." And so on.

THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY OF BOETHIUS. Translated into English Prose and Verse by H. R. James. (Stock.)

Boethius's "Consolation" was a companion to many a scholar for centuries. Every European language has a version of it, and it is still honoured in name, if not now by a wide, loving perusal. Nearly a hundred years have gone by since the last English translation appeared, and though this is not certain evidence that its day of influence is over, perhaps the fact points that way. To re-read Boethius by the light of life's experience, is to feel that, though his judgments on the vanity of things are admirable, they are likewise dull. Marcus Aurelius is young, vigorous; he stirs living shame in us because we cannot reach to his height; Boethius leaves us calmly acquiescent. Perhaps the reason lies in his lack of imaginative expression, for Boethius knew all the sorrows he drew his lessons from; he spoke out of a tragic experience, the interest of which will ever cling about his book. But if we call him sententious rather than wise, or only coldly wise—in no wise stimulating to generations that have sucked his kind of counsel from dull, unspontaneous preachers, his book is still a book with a history. And Mr. James has devoted ripe scholarship and literary talent to his version, which is worthy to rank with the best renderings of the Roman martyr's stern philosophy.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Among the recent reprints of famous books should be mentioned Messrs. Chapman and Hall's Gadshill Edition of Charles Dickens. Mr. Andrew Lang writes an introduction and notes for each novel, and the original illustrations are given. These handsome books are for the library table, not the fireside or the coat-pocket, but if they are big they are light, and in binding and printing eminently satisfactory. A marvel of cheapness is Messrs. Bliss Sands's Boswell's Life of Johnson, which includes also the "Tour to the Hebrides." Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has proved a most competent editor, and his Biographical Dictionary of persons named in the work must be widely appreciated. Considering the good style of the binding, and the clear type, and the care of the editing, we have no hesitation in saying this is one of the most wonderful popular reprints of the classics we have seen. Messrs. George Newnes and Co. have issued a convenient and sightly edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South." In Messrs. Service and Paton's excellent "Illustrated English Library" appear "Pendennis" and "Shirley," capitally illustrated by Chris. Hammond and F. H. Townsend respectively, while their neat edition of "The Scarlet Letter," with a very able Introduction by Mr. Moncure Conway, should not be overlooked. Among other edited classic novels we have seen Bulwer's "Harold," issued by Messrs. A. Constable, to which Mr. Gomme contributes a learned introduction and notes—the first volume of an interesting library, by the way, in which famous historical novels will be treated seriously. As to poetry and the drama, to Messrs. Dent's elegant and delightful Temple Dramatists have been added Marlowe's "Faustus" and "The Two Noble Kinsmen"; while Mr. Stopford Brooke's fine appeal to the better instincts of the British nation regarding affairs in the East, should win many purchasers for Messrs. Isbister's edition of Wordsworth's Poems of Independence and Liberty.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ADAMS, Rev. D. C. O.—The Saints and Missionaries of the Anglo-Saxon Era, First Series, 5/- net .....Mowbray
BAINTON, J.—The Congregational Handbook, 2/- .....Congregational Union
BARCLAY, Rev. P.—A Survey of Foreign Missions, 3/6....Blackwood
BARING-GOULD, S.—A Study of St. Paul, 10/6 .....Isbister
[*See p.* 67.]
BARLOWE, BP.—Dialogue on the Lutheran Factions, with Introduction by J. R. Lunn, 2/6 ....Ellis & Keene
BARRETT, G. S.—The Earliest Christian Hymn, 2/6 .....J. Clarke
DOUGLASS, C.—Ethics of J. S. Mill .....Blackwood
DIMOCK, R. N.—History of Book of Common Prayer in its Bearing on Eucharistic Controversies, 4/- net .....E. Stock
Dionysius the Areopagite, Works of, trans. by Rev. J. Parker, 6/-
DOWDEN, J.—Outlines of the Theological Literature of the Church of England, 3/-.....K. Paul
ELLIS, R.—The Christian Faith, 1/- .....Stock
[*Four sermons suggested by Christian protests against the Athanasian Creed.*]
FARRAR, F. W.—The Bible, its Meaning and Supremacy, 15/-
[*See p.* 69.] Longmans
GORDON, G. A.—Immortality and the New Theodicy, 4/-....J. Clarke
HORTON, R. F.—Oliver Cromwell, a Study in Personal Religion, 3/6 J. Clarke
JEFFREY, J.—The Personal Ministry of the Son of Man, 5/-..Oliphant
Modern Readers' Bible: Jeremiah, ed. R. G. Moulton, 2/6 Macmillan
NEILSON, J. R.—Everlasting Punishment, an Enquiry, 2/6 net Skeffington
NOYES, H. E.—Church Reform in Spain and Portugal, 2/6....Cassell
Ourselves in relation to a Deity and a Church, 6/- net .....Redway
PAGE, E. J.—When the Trees Bud, 1/- net.....B.T.B.S.
PATTON, Rev. W. J.—Pardon and Assurance, 3/6 .....Oliphant
Pulpit Commentary: Daniel, by Thomson and Adeney, 15/-; Reissue: Joshua, 6/-.....K. Paul
RENDALL, F.—The Acts of the Apostles in Greek and English, 9/-
[*With copious notes embodying the results of all the most scholarly investigations on the subject.*]
SPENCE, Very Rev. H. D. M.—The Church of England, a History for the People, Vol. 1, 6/- .....Cassell
THOMAS, R. H.—The Quaker Position on the Sacraments and Worship Cornish
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New books, in order of demand, as sold between April 15th and May 15th, 1897:—

LONDON, E.C.

1. Horton's Oliver Cromwell. 3s. 6d. (Clarke.)
2. Farrar's The Bible. 15s. (Longmans.)
3. Jubilee Sermons. 2s. 6d. (Skeffington.)
4. Creighton's Papacy vols. 6s. each. (Longmans.)
5. The Gospel of Divine Humanity. 6s. (Stock.)
6. Jubilee Literature generally.

LONDON, W.C.

1. Hocking's Birthright. 3s. 6d. (Bowden.)
2. Mahan's Life of Nelson. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Low.)
3. Kernahan's Captain Shannon. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)
4. Horton's Oliver Cromwell. 3s. 6d. (Clarke.)
5. Pemberton's Complete Cyclist. 5s. (Innes.)
6. Laird Clowes' History of Navy. Vol. 1. 25s. net. (Low.)

Trade quiet.

MANCHESTER.

1. Horton's Oliver Cromwell.
2. Gardiner's Oliver Cromwell.
3. Doyle's Uncle Bernac.
4. Crockett's Lad's Love.
5. Hatton's Dagger and Cross.
6. Boswell's Johnson (Bliss's edition).

BURNLEY.

1. The Birthright. By Rev. Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (James Bowden.)
2. Britain's Queen, Her Life and Work. By Thomas Paul. 5s. (Shaw & Co.)
3. Royal Academy Pictures, 1897. Cassell's, Pall Mall, and Black and White.
4. Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett. 6s. (MacQueen.)
5. Small Books on Great Subjects. 1s. 6d. (James Clarke & Co.)
6. Bible and Child. 2s. 6d. (James Clarke.)

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Mahan, The Life of Nelson. 2 vols.
2. Jacobs, Many Cargoes.
3. Farrar, The Bible, its Meaning, etc.
4. Gardiner, Cromwell's Place in History.
5. Lives of the Queen (various).
6. Steel, On the Face of the Waters.

BRADFORD.

1. Brontes in Fact and Fiction. Mackay. 3s. 6d. (Service & Paton.)
2. How Money Makes Money. Duncan. 2s. 6d. net. (E. Wilson.)
3. Hibbert Lectures. Cheap re-issue.
4. White Slaves of England. Sherard. 2s 6d. (James Bowden.)
5. Jowett's Life. 32s. (Murray.)

SUNDERLAND.

1. Presbyterianism in Sunderland. By Middlemiss and Hyslop. 6d. (Hills.)
2. Watson's Mind of the Master. 6s. (Hodder.)
3. Academy Pictures. (Cassell.)
4. Clodd's Pioneers of Evolution. 5s. net. (Richards.)
5. Chapman's Wild Norway. 16s. (Arnold.)
6. Steel's Face of the Waters. 6s. (Heinemann.)

GLASGOW.

1. Story of a Busy Life, being Recollections of Mrs. George A. Paull. Edited by Dr. J. R. Miller, Philadelphia. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)
2. Fads of an Old Physician. By Dr. George Keith. 2s. 6d. (Black.)
3. The Bible, its Meaning, etc. By Dr. Farrar. 15s. (Longmans.)
4. Personal Life of Queen Victoria. By Sarah A. Tooley. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
6. Highland Cousins. By Black. 2s. 6d. (Low & Co.)

Business still very quiet.

ABERDEEN.

1. Moray and Nairn. By Sheriff Rampini. County Histories. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)
2. Keith's Fads of an Old Physician. 2s. 6d. (A. & C. Black.)
3. Burton's History of Scotland. New edition. 3s. 6d. per vol. Various vols. (Blackwood.)
4. Sprays of Northern Pine. By Fergus Mackenzie. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
5. The Brontes, Fact and Fiction. By Rev. A. M. Mackay. 3s. 6d. (Service & Paton.)
6. Kinglake's Kothen. Popular edition. 1s. net. (Blackwood.)

DUBLIN (1).

1. Mahan's Life of Nelson. 2 vols.
2. Clowes, The Royal Navy, vol. 1.
3. Bickerdyke, Wild Sports in Ireland.
5. Geikie's Ancient Volcanoes of Great Britain. 2 vols.
5. Cosmopolite, The Sportsman in Ireland.
6. Salmon, Some Criticism on the Text of the New Testament.

DUBLIN (2).

1. Moore's Irish Melodies, with Music. 1s. (Gill.)
2. The Ancient Irish Church. By John Salmon. 2s. and 3s. net. (Gill).
3. Conferences Given. By Fr. Dignam, S.J. 6s. net. (Art & Book Co.)
4. The Value of Life. By C. E. Burke. 1s. and 2s. (Cath. Truth Soc.)
5. Ziska. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
6. Irish Ballad Poetry. Edited by Duncathail. 3d. (Gill)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

BURNLEY.

Business still very quiet in this part of Lancashire, mostly cheap books that are selling. We depend completely on the cotton trade, and it is very bad indeed.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Moorland Rhymes, by R. Wanlock Reid.
Lloyd's Cyclopædic-Dictionary, vols. 6 and 7, cloth.
Ramage's Drumlanrig and the Douglases.
Douglas, or The Field of Otterburne.
Edgar's Old Church Life, vol. 1.
Poems by A. N. (Sheriff Nicholson).
Jock o' the Knowe, Glasgow.
Brown's History of Sanquhar.
Trotter's Galloway Gossip.

BOOK QUERIES MANAGER, 39, RENSHAW STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Plate (or old annual such as Juvenile Scrap Book containing it) of "Little girl of six years old or so, clad in long white frock with sash, running with outstretched hands in garden toward window sill to clasp dove resting there. Old elm trees in background." Or information concerning same will be esteemed.

THOMAS CARVER, 8, HIGH TOWN, HEREFORD.

Sandford and Merton, vol. 1, 1783.
Vicar of Wakefield, vol. 1, 2nd edition, 1766.
Thackeray's Esmond, vol. 2, 1852.
Great Expectations, vol. 3, 1st ed.
Morris, British Birds, parts 54, 57, 59, 60, 1st ed.
Baring Gould's Lives of the Saints, vol. 2, Oct, vol. 2, Nov.
Ritson, English Songs, vol. 2, 1783.
Swinhoe (Rob.) Papers on Chinese Birds and Mammals.
Ruskin, Modern Painters, vol 3, 1st ed.
" Bibliography, parts 7 and 11.
Present State of Husbandry, 17s.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON.

Any old volumes of tracts, pamphlets, plays, or poems.
Books on Freemasonry.
Song books with coloured plates.
Chap. books with coloured plates.
Any old trials.
Books on cricket, boxing, fencing, golf, hunting.
Fielding, early editions.
Smollett, "
Remarkable Study of the Sixth Sense.
Bible Myths and their Parallels.

HENRY DOOLEY, STOCKPORT.

Studio, vols. or parts.
Portfolio, vol. 3.
Jennings' Derbyshire (Murray).

HENRY DRYERRE, 10, HIGH STREET, BLAIRGOWRIE.

Francis Thompson's Poems.

D. B. FRIEND & CO., 77, WESTERN ROAD, BRIGHTON.

To-Day, Winter No., 1894.
To-Day, Spring No., 1895.
The Minute, Jan. 28th, 1896.
Vaughan's Words of Hope.